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SEPTEMBER 1986 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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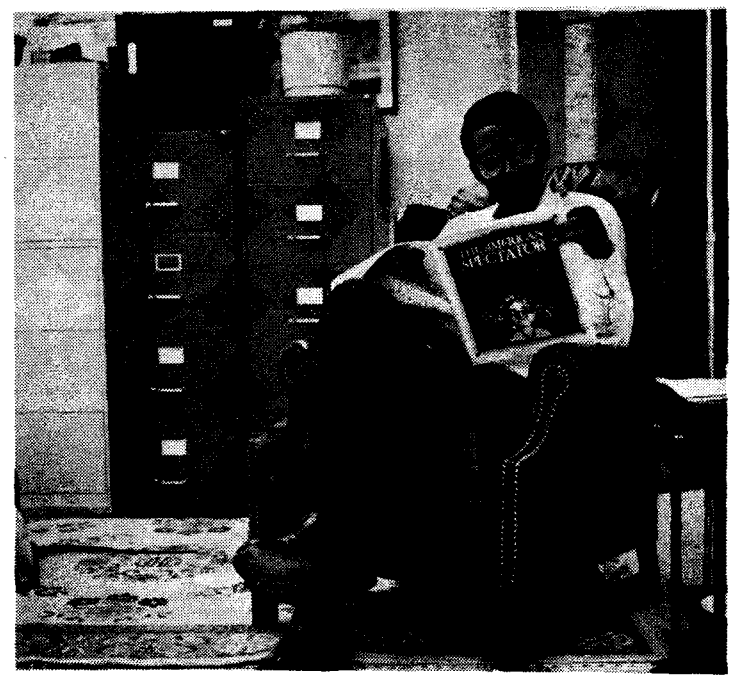

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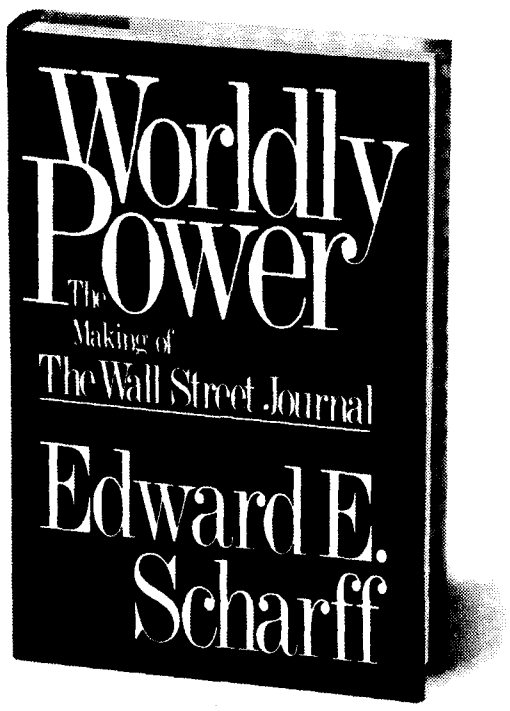

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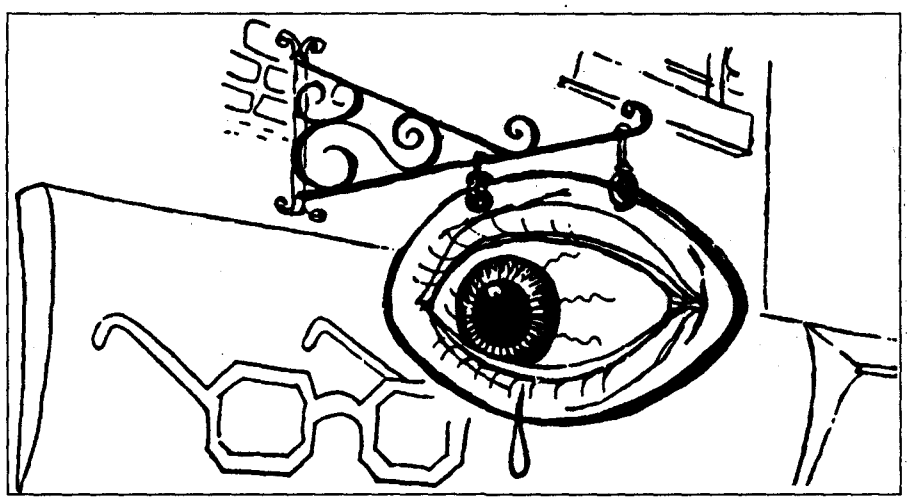
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•July might well be remembered as the month in which the Hon. Michael D. Barnes of the great state of Maryland, he who lectures the world on foreign policy, particularly in Central America, was certified beyond doubt to be a dunce and a dinkelspiel. His colleague, the Hon. Barbara A. Mikulski, equalled him. Along with fifteen other registered senatorial candidates visiting a Baltimore television station, these two stoneheads were asked five current-affairs questions and scored at the bottom, answering 1.5 correctly. The Hon. Barnes, an intolerable popinjay on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, did not know whether the Stinger missile, which recently was so controversial, had been sent to Saudi Arabia, or the name of the current prime minister of Israel, or the name of the head of the African National Congress; though the Hon. Barnes is a major haranguer of South Africa. When the Hon. Mikulski was presented that last *pons asinorum* she heaved up the name of Mr. Jonas Savimbi and held her breath. Alas, Mr. Savimbi is a citizen of Angola where he fights Marxists and accepts aid from South Africa. Of all the candidates, only the neoconservative Republican, Miss Linda Chavez, did well. Two other Republicans answered three questions correctly as did the highest scoring Democrat, who, alas, turned out to be a follower of the Democrats' most infamous source of new ideas, Mr. Lyndon LaRouche, Esq. "Humor," as Mr. George Jean Nathan was wont to say, "is the truth in an inebriated condition"; and Barnes & Mikulski are two lovable drunks.

•In Chicago's Comiskey Park, the hapless Mr. Jimmy Carter was photographed during a rendition of the National Anthem with his hand on his heart but his hat on his head, thus substantiating the long-standing charge that he is numb from the ears up. A gourmet gunman in Oxnard, California, ordered the employees and patrons of Palermo's Pizza out of that incomparable eatery and proceeded for the next three hours to gorge himself on fettuccine, linguini, tortellini, and various *vino rossos* before the *polizia* ended his orgy. In New York City, the Rev. Thomas McDonnell was mugged by two transvestites as he rode the subway, reading the best-seller, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People.*

•A grand and gaudy July Fourth was celebrated. In New York harbor a 28-minute firework spectacular and an international naval review presided over by our President solemnized the refurbishment of the Statue of Liberty. The Supreme Court upheld Georgia's sodomy law, and a federal pornography report revealed a state of civil war in the liberal pews: feminists are against salacity in all its forms owing to the disgusting acts they have been forced to commit to keep their menfolk home; neoliberals seem to agree that the acts are very disagreeable but fear that to distinguish porn from all else will lead to the interdiction of the Bible, Dostoevsky, E. L. Doctorow, Kurt Vonnegut, and Goethe. In Castel Gandolfo, Italy, an ax-wielding former senior official of the Ministry of Cultural Property was shot to death after he tossed garbage at the Pope's summer residence. The deceased, Mr. Roberto Porfili, had been undergoing protracted psychiatric treatment, and police found a handwritten document on his person wherein he opposed Sigmund Freud's theory of neurotic ailments in terms very similar to those frequently expressed nocturnally by Mr. Robert B. Silvers, co-editor of the *New York Review of Books.* In fact, Mr. Porfili's manuscript could easily be published in the *Review,* and whether translated from the Italian or not what comatose reader of the *Review's* vast pages of gray prolixity would notice?

•In Nicaragua, the Sandinista government came still closer to perfection when it closed down the country's only opposition newspaper, *La Prensa.* In Tehran, the Rev. Akbar Hasemi Rafsanjani, a distinguished member of the Holy Galoot's parliament and an Islamic theologian of the top chop, elucidated still more of the Koranic mysteries when he observed that there exists "no such thing as equality between men and women. . . . They are different physically and mentally. . . . Women have smaller brains than men and smaller hearts and are normally physically less strong." Ergo they have to wear veils. A Maryland woman, Miss Cheryl Renae, was stopped for directing traffic at 3 a.m. with a pink curling iron, whereupon she wrecked three police cars. In Titusville, Florida Mrs. Karen Crutchley went into a fury after Circuit Judge John Antoon sentenced her husband, John B., to twenty-five years for raping a tourist and allegedly drinking her blood, which he had extracted with needles. Stung by the severity of the sentence, Mrs. Crutchley exclaimed: "It was a gentle rape, devoid of any overt brutality." And Mr. Crutchley, too, is distressed: "He's disgusted that society would flush him down the toilet when he's got so much to offer," Mrs. Crutchley lamented. Another female colossus rose up in Gainesville, Florida. There Miss Holly Jensen of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals focused her wrath on a University of Florida study of whether male field mice prefer virgins. In the test, male field mice chose between a sexually experienced female and a virgin, both of whom had been bound, causing the eloquent Miss Jensen to pronounce that "As a woman and a feminist, I have very strong feelings about any females being tied up and being gang raped by males of their species." Now will the Rev. Rafsanjani reconsider?



•There is more bad news for Austria's President Kurt Waldheim. Zionist researchers have disinterred his 1943 doctoral thesis, and unfortunately it propounds that Switzerland, Luxembourg, Belgium, and the Netherlands compose a "Greater German Reich." Mattel Inc. has developed a line of disabled dolls to teach America's youth compassion and to give disabled youth role models. There is Hal, the unfortunate ski instructor who lacks a left leg, a ballerina who wears a hearing aid, a well-dressed girl with leg braces and a cane, and a boy in a wheel chair. A French company is marketing a device that slips into a baby's diaper and plays "When the Saints Go Marching In" when the child makes water, even at the Café Aux Deux Magots.

•The Reagan Administration crept toward a summit meeting with Mr. Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet Mugwump. The Aryan Nations World Congress was held in Hayden Lake, Idaho. After many unusual displays and speeches the assembled called for establishment of a white homeland to be located in the American northwest, though once news reaches them of Dr. Waldheim's doctoral thesis it is always possible they will opt for European real estate. Mr. Averell Harriman, the last American to see Mr. Yuri Andropov alive, assumed room temperature, as did Mrs. Flora Whitney Miller, former chairman of the very amusing Whitney Museum of Art. Mr. Joseph Vlasic, founder of the Vlasic pickle empire, died as did former Indiana solon Earl F. Landgrebe, who at the culmination of the Watergate scandal declared, "Don't confuse me with the facts. I've got a closed mind. I will not vote for impeachment. I'm going to stick with my President even if he and I have to be taken out of this building and shot." He died of natural causes.

•Scandal crossed one of the few sports events still free of cocaine's shadow when Mr. Henry McCutcheon, 78, the eminent trainer of racing chickens for the Bob Evans Restaurants Chicken Flying Contest, was charged in Detroit with cruelty to animals. Protesting in his usual eloquence—"I'm a cock-a-doodle-do man"—he denied all charges and vowed to defend himself and gain the release of his feathered stallions,

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who were incarcerated in a local dog pound. In Charleston, South Carolina, the Rev. Henry Scott announced in mid-sermon that he was immediately quitting the pulpit because a Vassar College "witch" had put a spell on him fourteen years ago. A Vassar College spokesman notified the venerable *New York Post* that "It is not the policy of Vassar College to confirm or deny the existence of witchcraft." Finally, Mr. Merle Cave of Paso Robles, California, when asked to comment on the death of his brother, Verne, who choked to death on his own eyeball after a female drinking partner recklessly placed it in his mouth, observed: "An eye for an eye is one thing, but two for nothing is something else." That says it all!

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Hazing Gilder

George Gilder on the right is easily the paranoid equivalent of any quasi-intellectual specimen on the left. That he is a current member of the conservative hagiology and regularly appears in such publications as *The American Spectator* is indicative of the regrettable impotency of the traditional right. His attempt to reconcile capitalism with the ethics of altruism in *Wealth and Poverty* was an excellent demonstration of moral poltroonery typical of conservatives. (Though in fairness perhaps he simply doesn't know that socialists are much better at denying self-interest than are capitalists and his religious beliefs probably make him confused.)

His recent *TAS* article, "The Bioengineering Womb" (May 1986), taken from *Men and Marriage*, revised from *Sexual Suicide*, may have had as many as five sentences that were true. I vaguely remember seeing on "The Tonight Show" several years ago an author of a book about American sexual mores or something assert that the country was going to hell because of rampant oral sex. He had the misfortune to be sitting next to alleged comedian George Carlin, who saw easy meat. The very straitlaced author was ridiculed mercilessly, the audience truly guffawed, and Johnny Carson's polite but incredulous questioning made the scene even more ludicrous and embarrassing. Could that book have been *Sexual Suicide*, and was that poor cretin George Gilder? I think it was. Such minds as this deserve recognition.

—Roderick L. Miller
Victor, New York

Who is George *Kinder-Kirche-Kuche* Gilder trying to impress? This scourge of the women's movement remains deeply committed to barefootedness and pregnancy; but now he calls for a "real feminist movement," and in what is perhaps a quixotic attempt to woo a few converts away from the unreal one, he proceeds to borrow from some of the most febrile of radical-feminist fantasies. The occasion of these hallucinations is an attack on the U.S. Marine Corps.

"When you want to create a solidaristic group of male killers," writes Gilder, "you kill the woman in them." Right, George, you yank them right out of touch with the gentle, nurturing androgyne that lurks in all of us. How do you do this? Well, you cause loud men in Smokey-the-Bear hats to subject the feminine principle to a torrent of abuse: "Virtually every sentence, every description, every lesson embodies this sexual duality, and the female anatomy provides a rich field of metaphor for every degradation." Now, the first clause of this sentence is self-evidently inane hyperbole. But I have to agree with George that for drill instructors the female anatomy is a rich source of metaphor; but so is the male anatomy, and that of numerous animals—hell, the whole language is a "rich field" for D.I.'s, many of whom are virtual Joyces of invective. (Some, I might add, show a more minimalist, Beckettesque appreciation for the absurdities of life and language, like the drill instructor who kept a maladjusted private in my platoon digging all day in the Parris Island sand, having told the private he could stop as soon as he'd dug half a hole.)

Further, writes Gilder, "Pornographic movies around military centers reek with attacks on women . . ." Pornography available around such "centers" (bases?) is no different from pornography available in most big cities: a very low percentage of it is violent. But Gilder may be buying into the curious hermeneutic method practiced by Andrea Dworkin and other feminist apostles of censorship, who somehow discern expressions of male "violence" even in the wholesome and solitary poses assumed by Miss April.

Gilder claims, "One of the favorite stories told on return to base from liberty is of the violent abuse of a whore." Sure, a certain amount of sexual bragging goes on around a barracks; but from my three years in the Marine Corps I can't recall a single boastfest that featured rape and torture (though perhaps Gilder means "violent" in the highly figurative Dworkinian sense).

The weirdest of Gilder's assertions is that graduates of boot camp "end up . . . gladly and voluntarily making large financial gifts to the instructors." *Huh*? I don't recall handing over my first paycheck to Staff Sergeant Mikesell as a little thank-you for twelve weeks of physical torment and black humor at my expense. Perhaps Gilder lavished such a token on *his* drill instructor. Or could it be that George has about as much experience of military life as he has a chance of leading a new feminist movement?

—Michael Stanford
Charlottesville, Virginia

George Gilder replies:

Hey, you guys, give me a break. Since I went to Parris Island in 1958, when the Marines still made maggots into men and the Drill Instructors were all General Patton clones (only younger), yet to be mushed out by Dr. Spock, and after 12 weeks of beatings at their hands, with relentless rant of punts and cussies, and orders to yell "I am so pissed off I could say 'peachfuzz' " at the top of my lungs as I jogged circles around the marching platoon in the 100-degree heat, I have to admit I became a liberal Republican wimp, in love with Joan Baez, and agape at the splendor of John V. Lindsay, but I got over it. Now I lie around on the couch fantasizing I am James Webb and grouching about the feminization of Marine Corps training.

As to these letters, I have changed a bit since 1958, but I did not become a biologist. I can only say the palette of the bioengineer becomes more potent every year and many surprises—good and bad—can be expected. My speculations in this short chapter were intended not to expound the details of the science (I refer the curious to Dr. Leon Kass), but to contemplate the implications of Margaret Mead's only hope to overcome what Steven Goldberg proved to be "the inevitability of patriarchy." I am not paranoid on these points. I spend most of my time these days writing about technology and regard its prospects as overwhelmingly favorable in nearly every domain. But although I would like to see several clones first made of Tom Bethell, Bill Tucker, and other writers in the last issue of *TAS*, I still believe some cautionary reflections—and perhaps careful ad hoc prohibitions—are in order relating to any technology that might lead in the course of time to the creation, on any single continent, of multiple genetic copies of Bob Tyrrell.

As for Roderick Miller's very intriguing observations, Gee Whiz, he can rest assured I wouldn't even think about anything so shockingly ickypoo as oral sex. Unless both partners keep their mouths tightly closed, kissing can lead to perilous exchanges of precious bodily fluids and should be banned outside of marriage. As a conservative, I am also too "regrettably impotent" to make "The Continuing Crisis," let alone the Johnny Carson show. Miller must have mistaken me for Truman Capote. It often happens.

As for my moral poltroonery, I do not deny the importance of self-interest; I merely maintain that it is ubiquitous and thus fails to explain anything interesting about the heroic achievements of capitalism, which depend on imaginatively serving others in the marketplace. Selfishness leads to demands for unearned benefits and thus—as by an invisible hand—to socialism, which is the fundamental economic evil in the world. Therefore I do not believe it is either desirable or necessary to begin my celebration of the morality of capitalism by rejecting the Judeo-Christian values that have been upheld by most capitalists in almost every capitalist economy. Although I have the greatest respect for Ayn Rand and other libertarian thinkers who seem to have influenced Miller, I believe they erred seriously in accepting the claims of socialists that they either care about others or help them.

False Niebuhr

Despite Ernest W. Lefever's warning against the sin of selectivity in recounting the life and thought of Reinhold Niebuhr, one must turn the charge back against Lefever in his confident identification of Niebuhr with the neoconservative movement. His review of the new Niebuhr biography by Richard Fox, and the new Niebuhr anthology edited by Robert McAffee Brown (*TAS*, April 1986), is too obviously one-sided in its characterization of Niebuhr's political loyalties and ideas.

According to Lefever, "one must distinguish the essential Niebuhr from the socialist-pacifist Niebuhr of the 1920s and also from the failing and confused Niebuhr of the mid- and late-1960s." If we do so, Lefever claims, Niebuhr's record "adds up to a profile of a thoughtful neoconservative, a

(continued on page 49)

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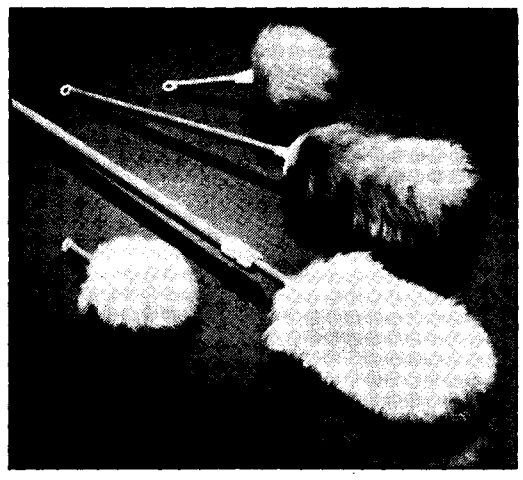

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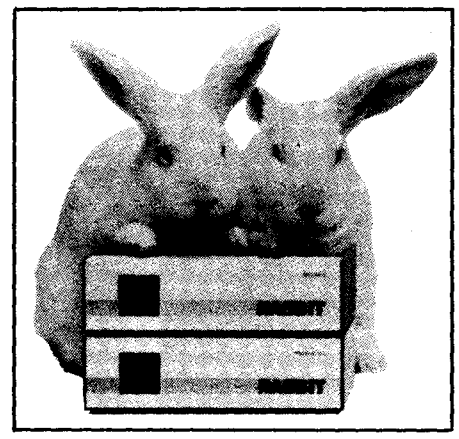

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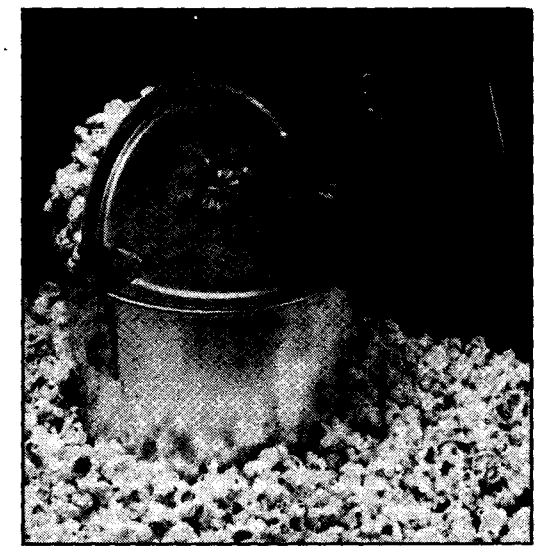

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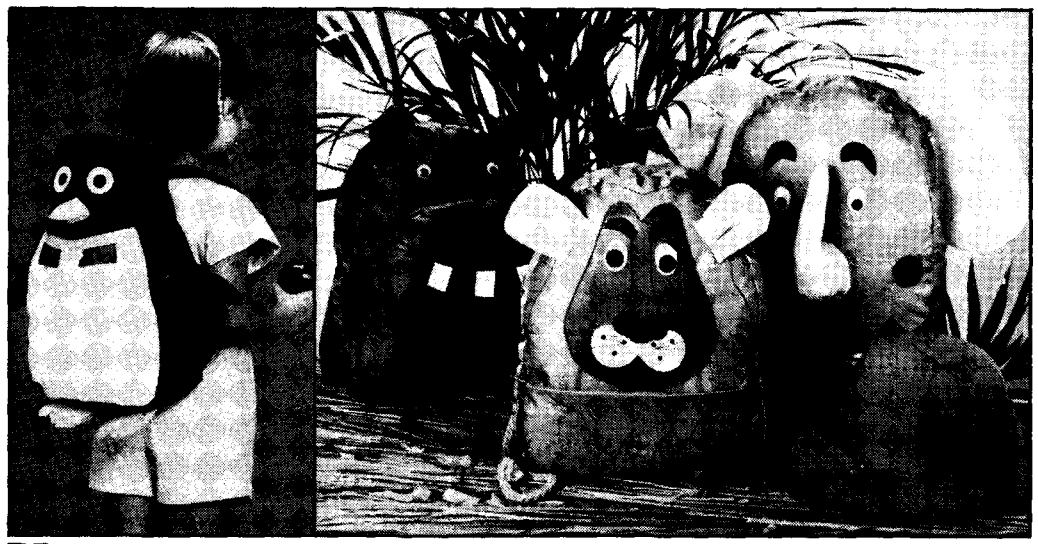

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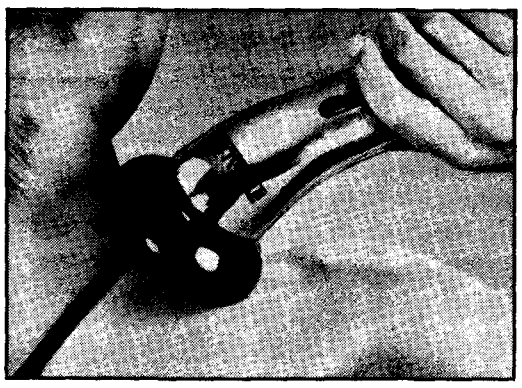

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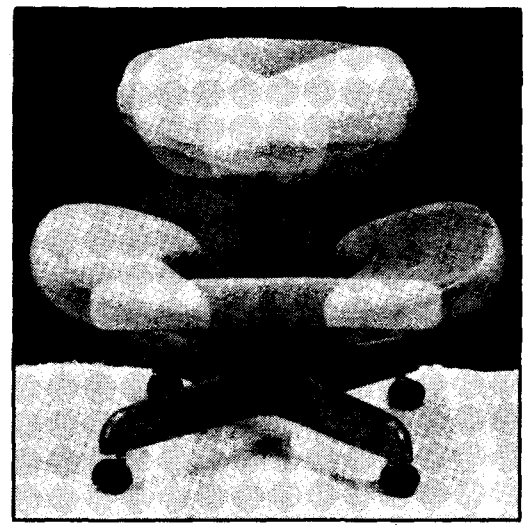

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EDITORIALS

THE GOOD BOOK

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

For all those Americans fashionably aggrieved by the Republic's shortcomings, I believe I have found someone who has suffered even more at the hands and feet of his government. His name is Armando Valladares, and for the twenty-two years prior to his release in 1982 he was repeatedly tortured and brutalized in Cuban prisons. All is revealed in Valladares's recently published memoirs, *Against All Hope.*[1]

The beatings and humiliations that he suffered, the temporary paralysis, pellagra, scurvy, and emphysema, would have ended had he agreed to attend political indoctrination courses and to don the blue uniform that Cuba's Communists issue to common criminals. Valladares, however, knew that he had never committed a common crime. All that he had done was inform fellow workers at Havana's Postal Savings Bank of his opposition to Castro's Marxism during the early days of the regime; and soon the twenty-three-year-old poet was being stripped, battered, and forced through the agonies of Cuban prison camps that Vladimir Bukovsky believes actually go beyond those that he experienced during his dozen or more years in the Soviet Gulag.

Twenty-two years of the kind of sadistic abuse that Valladares suffered has made him very forthright in his contempt for Fidel Castro's regime, and perhaps this is why he is now depicted as "controversial" by such luminaries of the shanty intelligentsia as Alexander Cockburn, who in the *Nation* charges Valladares with having been a policeman before Fidel rescued Cuba from perdition. Now whether the author of *Against All Hope* was a twenty-three-year-old policeman—Cockburn, typically, offers no evidence—or bureaucrat, butcher or baker, is irrelevant. The point is that Armando Valladares has done for Cuba what Solzhenitsyn did for the Soviet Union. He has illuminated the astounding cruelty of totalitarian regimes that torture political opponents day in and day out from a bestial lust apparently unique to totalitarian dictators and the kind of degenerates who are known to us as "serial murderers." Think of it, had Fidel not become Cuba's head of state he might have one day been arrested for having waylaid little boys and girls, tortured them to death, and left them in shallow graves. That is the kind of sadism Valladares has chronicled.

Now living in Madrid, Valladares is becoming a renowned figure in the growing ranks of civilized minds opposed to the abuse of human rights that characterizes the world's Communist regimes. Notably absent from this movement are the moral hams of America's community of concerned *artistes*. In fact, Americans are almost wholly absent from the list of intellectuals whom Valladares credits for securing his release. Most of those who rallied to his support are European or Latin American. Neither Tom Hayden nor Jane Fonda, Kurt Vonnegut nor E. L. Doctorow is mentioned.

The explanation for their absence I believe is the growing insularity of so many American intellectuals, particularly those of easy celebrity. Lost in their infantile alarums over the sodomy laws of Georgia, the treatment of laboratory rats in medical research, discourtesies shown a Vonnegut novel in some Podunk settlement where no one would read Vonnegut anyway, the American intelligentsia are increasingly oblivious to the extraordinary cruelty perpetrated in the non-democratic world. And our intelligentsia's insularity grows not only because of their childish absorptions but also because of their curious squeamishness. In their art they can portray the utmost ghastliness, but the brutality of real life makes them squirm. Beamingly they acknowledge Castro but not his prisons and his firing squads. They esteem Yasir Arafat but overlook his terrorists. They write deliciously of murders and sexual perversions, but avert their eyes from the innocent blood congealing on the floor of the Rome airport. For years American intellectuals have been enraptured by the criminal mind, but the reality of suffering victim escapes their prissy consciences.

Excruciating cruelty is the theme and the gravamen of Valladares's book. The suffering continues. Valladares writes: "Today, at this very moment, hundreds of political prisoners are naked, sleeping on the floors of cells. . . . They never see the light of day. . . . They are denied medical care and visits." Cuba's dictator wills it. □

[1] *Against All Hope: The Prison Memoirs of Armando Valladares.* Alfred A. Knopf, $18.95.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

WHY WILL?

Moods change even in the most placid of times, and now as a chorus of weisenheimers fall upon the illustrious person of George F. Will—author, columnist, and TV notable—he must recognize that a mood has changed. Perhaps he does. After all, he once earned a Ph.D., he taught politics at three great universities, and he was an aide to a United States senator. Will has read history, seen it being made, and commented intelligently on it. He must realize that he is now the victim of a change of mood.

Yet possibly he does not. In the *New York Review of Books, Village Voice*, the "Doonesbury" comic strip, and other organs of the shanty intelligentsia, Will is being rudely depreciated. Even the bourgeois *Wall Street Journal* sneers at his career. As he must recognize, that respectful congeniality once accorded him in the media is evaporating. Does he understand why?

Until recently he was acclaimed a sage by liberals and conservatives alike. Indeed, his place and persona on the national stage were incomparable. As no other commentator in the land, he had acquired The Hush: The Hush of respect from sophisticates, The Hush of respect for his learning and eloquence, The Hush over his moderation and humanity. His was a singular persona interlarded with elements of the austere prof, the ideologue, the *homme*

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de lettres, and the lovable paterfamilias. Only in the America of the 1970s could such a thing grow so eminent.

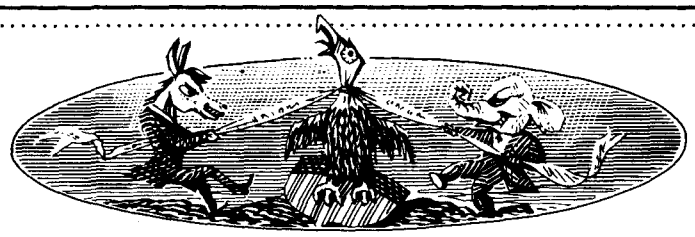
Now the mood has changed, and Will is under fire. He has long been the occasional target of conservatives, critical of his particular enunciation of the conservative canon. But now he is being criticized from other quarters and for different transgressions, for instance, his stupendous salary, celebrity, dinner parties with the giants of society, wanton use of scholarly quotations, reluctance to pound the pavement for news stories, and failure to kill thousands of Communists during the late war in Vietnam.

Most of these shocking allegations were recently packed into a widely read essay in the *New York Review of Books*, written by a former Carter speech writer; one who had perpetrated a kiss-and-tell piece about the Carter Administration even before his former boss had vacated the White House. The *NYRB* piece was muddled to the point of imbecility. To its babble Will could plausibly respond that illustrative quotations are useful. A high salary is as morally neutral as a low salary. He never set out to be a reporter. And as for his celebrity, these days people from all walks of life are being raised to celebrity status owing to a synergism between communications technology that allows it and a national appetite that is aflame for it.

Yet these refutations are not going to end George Will's public trials. I know, because some of his tormentors have sought my collaboration. Will must understand that the mood in the media has changed because large numbers of the youthful idealists of the 1960s are coming to power there, in the publishing houses, and in the universities. Incredible as it sounds, most of them have learned nothing through the years, beyond the troublesome truth that an ample salary is even more important than being mellow. They have seen the nation turn its back on their New Dawns and other claptrap dreams, and it makes them very cross. They will now take out their peevishness on George Will and on any others whose misdemeanor it was to have been right when they were wrong.

Most of these middle-aged potentates do not call themselves radicals anymore. They have thrust the utopianism of their youth into the sentimental chambers of memory and turned their minds to smaller things: thy neighbor's salary, thy neighbor's celebrity, his tax returns. Frequently these morbid puritans call themselves neoliberals. They are very unhappy people, and where they dwell they have created a mood of petulance and meanness. Most Americans are optimistic and brimming with benevolence, but not the neoliberals. They are irked by the success and happiness of their fellow citizens, especially those who are right about large matters while these neos have been absorbed with the picayune. They are narcissists and they believe that in the natural order of things George Will's money and fame should be theirs. As with most puritans the neoliberals' fundamental flaw is a curiously abbreviated sense of honor. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



KING DAVID'S ROYAL FAMILY

by Tom Bethell

Ralph Dyer drove me to the four-story house just off Christopher Street, in Greenwich Village, where Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity run a home for AIDS patients. The house is an archdiocesan building, formerly the rectory of St. Veronica's Church. Outside was a sign, "Gift of God, Missionaries of Charity." It was opened on Christmas Eve, 1985.

We were admitted by a volunteer worker. To our right as we entered was the chapel, dominated by a large realistic crucifix on the wall, next to the words I THIRST. In the hall was a picture of Mother Teresa above the caption: "Unless life is lived for others it is not worthwhile." Posted nearby was a sheet of paper listing names and "departure" dates of the nine men who have died since the house was opened. The last date was July 2, and beneath it there was ample empty space. "Heaven Is Our True Home," it said above the list. "Welcome Home My Sons."

Two volunteers were working in the kitchen in back. Otherwise the house was silent. Fourteen men with AIDS were living there. The hallway and staircase were decorated with Easter-style streamers in yellow and white, celebrating the fact that one of the men was going to be baptized that afternoon.

Four or five nuns (or sisters as they are usually called) work in the house, devoting their lives to the patients. Sister Dolores, the superior of the house, came out to greet us wearing the white, blue-trimmed sari of the Missionaries of Charity. I also briefly met a sister from Portsmouth, England, and another from Chicago. They remained industriously about their business, and didn't linger much to chat. Sister Dolores, who is from India, ushered me into the small front parlor. She entered the novitiate in Calcutta in 1960, but beyond that she discouraged questions about herself.

One thing that Sister Dolores wanted to emphasize at the outset was that they don't try to convert anyone who doesn't specifically ask for it. Evidently theirs is an ecumenical view of salvation.

"It's according to whether they say 'I want,' " said Sister Dolores. They have mass and say the rosary every day, and I gathered most of the patients do attend. There is also periodic religious instruction. But everything is voluntary. She said that most of the men have died in one or another of the nearby hospitals, because the sisters don't have much in the way of sophisticated medical equipment. "But practically all of them wish to die at home," she said, "because they know we will keep them company."

Here are abbreviated versions of written accounts of three men, all white, who died recently in the sisters' care:

Dennis: Aged 42, at house for five months. Had a long history of drugs. Expressed a desire to die in the house and was the second to do so. More and more was coming to God. When already very weak was unexpectedly at mass one day. Was visited by Cardinal O'Connor, also Mother Teresa. When he had a headache he said he thought of it as the Crown of Thorns. The day before he died he received the Sacraments and Father Greg gave him the Last Sacraments that afternoon. Sister Dolores read the Gospel as he expired in great peace. His face reminded everyone of Jesus on the Cross.

Harvey: The first to die in the house. 38 years old. Long history of drugs. Military service in Vietnam. From the beginning was grateful to be with the sisters. "Call me Brother Harvey." Taken to hospital one night very sick. "I want to be baptized as a Catholic." When he came back he was baptized in the chapel. Attached great importance to the rite. He was given white shirt and trousers to wear. Wore Rosary around his neck. "Teach me to pray," he said. When asked if he wanted to go to heaven he said, "Yes, but I don't want to leave this house." But it would be better. "If you say so I'll go." He expired most peacefully. Most of the men said they wanted to die that way.

David: Died in St. Vincent's Hospital, aged 34. Came to house in March. Started drugs age 14, prison record. Presbyterian background. At first so demanding the sisters called him King David, which pleased him. Would go out to get more drugs. One day prayed Our Father in bed, said it was first time he had ever prayed. Taken to hospital and received First Communion a few days later. Visited by Mother Teresa and Cardinal O'Connor, who asked David to pray for him. Once he said he would take all our sins, put them together like clay, and put it before Jesus on Cross. "I am in close contact with God." Died early the next morning. His mother said later that David had taught her much and she wanted to be baptized as well.

Sister Dolores showed me where the

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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men slept—two to a room. In one a pale man with spinal meningitis looked across at me in an amnesic fugue, groping at his goatee as though trying to recall a face.

In her comments, Sister Dolores was marvelously appreciative of the individuality of each patient, as though she had not only King David in her care but his royal family as well. Several times she repeated that they were a family.

She took me to a room where eight men were seated, most wearing dressing gowns or T-shirts. All were black, Puerto Rican, or Cuban. I sat next to Tom, an intuitive soul and no doubt a dude in his day. He was to be baptized later. Like Harvey, he wore a rosary around his neck. A 40-year-old black man, he has been in the house since April (and was diagnosed with AIDS in January). He was placidly flipping through an old *National Geographic*. Next to him sat his good friend Juan (slight build in a Nike T-shirt), lost in his thoughts.

July 22, two days away, was Walter's birthday. Walter had been in the house only two weeks. "Does anyone know whose feast day that is?" Sister Dolores asked. "It begins with an M."

Walter was curmudgeonly. He didn't want any fuss. "It ain't nothin' to celebrate, sister."

Later Tom told me that Walter was "searching, inquisitive." And he was changing. "When he first came he couldn't sit down for five minutes."

"Mary Magdalene," said Sister Dolores, answering her own question. "Does anyone know who she was?"

"She hung out," said Tom, almost to himself, as he looked down at a pride of *Geographic* lions in his lap. "Loose woman."

Sister explained that Mary Magdalene had been the first to see Jesus after the Resurrection. Walter listened attentively as she told the story.

Later Tom told me about Juan. "My ace man, a very blessed man I think. He was El Diablo. Hot blood. Used to wear a pony tail. We shared a room together. One day he was lying there and he said, 'They used to call me Indio.' I said, 'I remember you, you was a killer man!' The terror of South Bronx. One day he wanted to go back"—here Tom explained that "all of us have tried it, and we all have our scars to show for it." Ignoring the sisters' advice, Juan went to the South Bronx by subway.

"On Westchester Avenue he fell on the street," Tom went on. "He said 'Tom, I got tired. Didn't do much walking.' His face was bleeding where he fell. No one in the crowd wanted to help. It made me think of Christ on the way to Calvary. Two white people got out of a car and put him in an ambulance. He used to give the sisters hell. 'Don't tell me what to do!' Now he's as gentle as a lamb. But with so much fire—fire for goodness."

Ralph Dyer drove us across the Brooklyn Bridge to pick up Tom's wife and two children, who were to attend the baptism. With us was Ann Petrie, who with her sister Jeanette recently produced the feature-length film "Mother Teresa," five years in the making. It will be shown on TV worldwide on December 8.

Tom had used drugs in Vietnam "to ease the strain," he said. On his return stateside there were "baby killer" signs in Oakland, rotten eggs and vegetables thrown at soldiers. "Men were changing clothes in the plane so as not to be seen in uniform." He continued using drugs (heroin and cocaine), "all for a fleeting feeling, and then you go out and get more money to chase that feeling. I've put a million dollars in this one arm over 18 years. Life got to be a big dull pain."

Tom grew up in Brooklyn. As we drove along he pointed out "the famous Brooklyn library," and "the famous Brooklyn Museum." He went with his parents to the Church of God

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in Christ in Harlem. Sometimes he would spend all day there. "But the people weren't living what they were talking about," he said. "Listen to the men talk beautiful and see the people do the opposite." By contrast he noted the "sympathetic influence" of Mother Teresa's sisters. "They live their religion. And I want to be a part of that. I can't do no great works. And yet through faith my understanding slowly opens up. I guess I've been starving for it so long."

He had been fortunate enough to meet Mother Teresa at the house. She was "like a quiet storm that will shake you," he said. "She says little things—but from them come oak trees."

We drove through the shattered glass and derelict structures of Brownsville, many of them boarded up with plywood. Tom said how much the neighborhood had deteriorated. His wife and two children were waiting for us, all dressed up for church.

Most of the men I had seen that morning were waiting in the chapel. Father Greg turned out to be a cheerfully extroverted Australian, who in the course of a sermon actually used the much caricatured Australian expression "fair dinkum" (meaning, roughly, "true"). Like the sisters and following the Indian custom, he was barefoot in the chapel. As he proceeded he explained every procedure simply and yet seriously.

"Do you renounce Satan and all his works?"

"I do."

Tom had become Thomas and he had chosen the additional name of Peter.

". . . I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit . . ."

Thomas Peter stood in a white plastic receptacle as the water was poured over his head—enough of it to streak his dark-colored work clothes. Then he went outside and returned, like Harvey before him, wearing white trousers and shirt. His wife, daughter, and especially his son hugged him emotionally.

It was hard to tell what impression it all made on the other patients, most of whom sat impassively throughout the ceremony. Juan received Communion.

Earlier I had talked to Tom alone in the chapel. He sat and talked with a completely relaxed candor and tranquility for an hour or more. He said he was completely free of drug addiction. He had received "hundreds" of blood transfusions while on kidney dialysis, he said. So maybe he got AIDS that way. "But with an IV drug record, they blame it on the drugs," he said.

"I blame nothing. I don't think I would have ever come to God without this. They would have found me in the street. I used not to be able to talk about these things. There are people here who want what I am receiving. But it took all these years of pain and suffering to find it. I can get on my knees and pray and feel refreshed. No better feeling in this world. And inside I want to tell the world."

He said that some resolutely exclude the truth, "keeping up a front even to the grave. They do. They know what you are saying is true. But they despise it. I used to. Broke all Ten Commandments many times over."

To others with the same illness he would say: "Now is the time to give back something to God, even if only prayer. I imagine that each and every one needs reassurance to try to grasp Christ. But don't despair. Just think on it. Because he is the only way out of this. And any miracle that comes will come through him. Even in sickness you can bear the pain, because you share the pain with Christ. I've had so many people go before me, who died. Some had longer tails than the devil. In the end they ask for Christ. They say, 'Oh God have mercy!'

"Strange sounds from men who cursed and blasphemed. But in the end they grasped the peace." □

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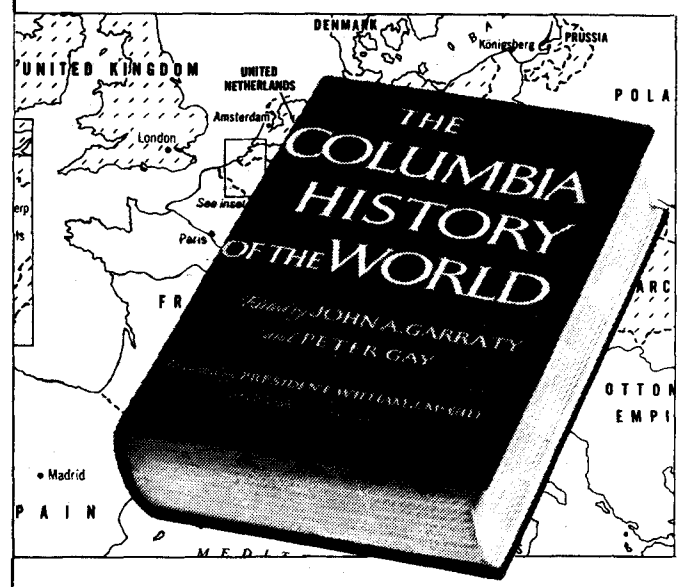

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Fred Barnes

CONSERVATIVES AND THE DEMOCRATIC 10

Is there a Democratic President in your future?

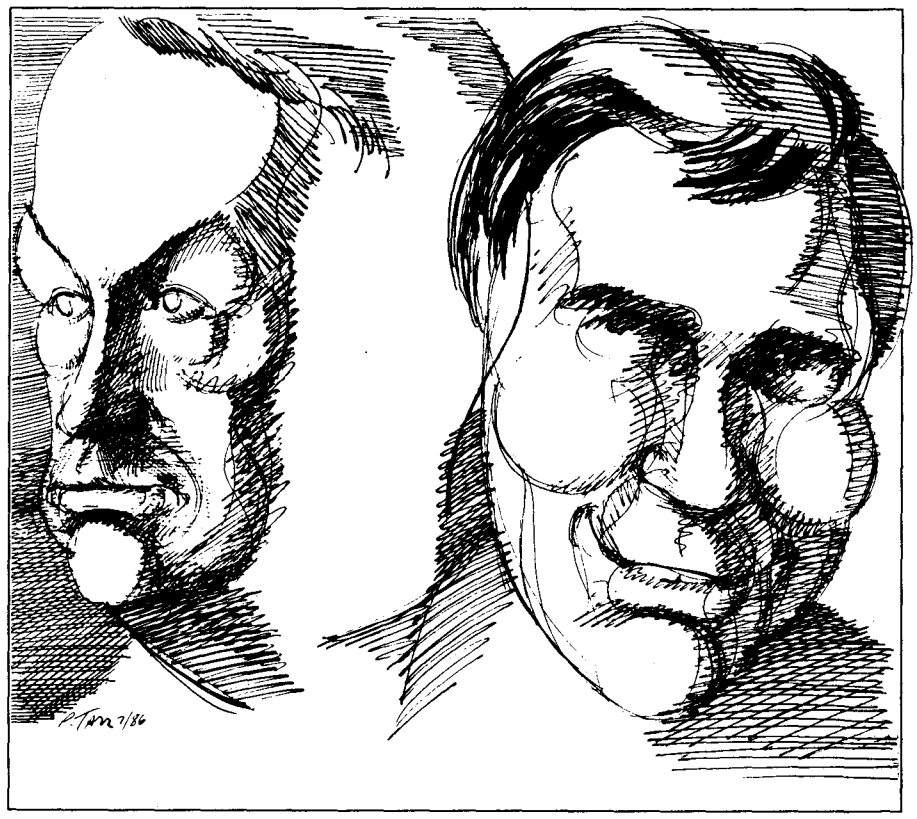
In the 1984 presidential race, the moment when most conservatives knew there wasn't the foggiest chance they'd vote for a Democrat came early. To be exact, it came in 1983. President Reagan was playing the maybe-I-won't-run game at the time, but that didn't matter. Every Democratic presidential candidate took himself out of contention for the conservative vote by a single act, criticizing the invasion of Grenada by American troops.

That Walter Mondale and Gary Hart and Jesse Jackson and Alan Cranston and George McGovern were critical was no surprise. Wrong as they were, they spoke from the heart. But what about John Glenn and Fritz Hollings and Reubin Askew? By Democratic standards they are foreign policy hardliners, especially Hollings, who has been so bold as to attack arms control agreements. Yet without complaint, these three knuckled under on Grenada in hopes of placating the liberal, isolationist wing of the party that dominates the presidential primaries and caucuses. The tactic was a double mistake. It didn't appease liberals, but it did alienate conservatives. Grenada was a litmus test for Democratic presidential candidates, with a 100 percent failure rate.

Well, things are looking up in the Democratic party. There are grounds for faint optimism. On the new conservative litmus test—aid to the anti-Sandinista rebels in Nicaragua—three of the ten Democrats cited as probable or potential contenders for the 1988 nomination actually pass, and a fourth hasn't spoken. Trust me, this is significant. On Grenada, all the Democratic candidates were willing to criticize, for one reason or another, Reagan's decision to use armed force. That they did this in the teeth of extraordinary public support for the invasion suggests how irresistible the liberal pull was. Now it's resistible. Instead of bucking public opinion to adopt a liberal position, some potential Democratic candidates are now willing to defy popular feeling and take a conservative stand. They'll even offer leadership in promoting that stand. For example, every public opinion survey I've seen has found that the American people don't particularly want to aid the contras. Nevertheless, three Democrats with 1988 possibilities—Senators Bill Bradley and Sam Nunn, and former Virginia governor Charles Robb—loudly proclaimed themselves in favor of not just "humanitarian" but military aid to the contras. The fourth is Chrysler president Lee Iacocca. Who knows what his position is? I don't, which is good. With Democrats, you're often better off not knowing.

Okay, contra aid is only one issue, not enough to decide how conservatives should vote in 1988. And the fact that three leading Democrats are in favor of it hardly means the party has forsaken isolationism. But there are other encouraging signs. Not long ago, Democratic Senators Gary Hart and Joseph Biden voted for a tax reform bill that put the top rate on individual income at 27 percent. Governor Mario Cuomo of New York expressed qualified support for the bill. These guys are the liberal hopes for 1988. Maybe their hearts weren't in it. Maybe they muffled soak-the-rich yearnings. Maybe they simply succumbed to the momentum behind tax reform last spring. In any case, it's a step in the right direction.

A final encouraging sign for conservatives. It has become conventional wisdom among Democrats that the party needs a moderate or conservative on the ticket to win in 1988. Liberals, naturally, figure that the moderate or conservative should be the vice presidential candidate. Even that's a change. You didn't hear many Democrats at the San Francisco convention in 1984 saying that Mondale needed someone more conservative as Vice President to balance his liberalism. Joanne Symons, the political director of the American Nurses Association and an influential Democrat in Washington, says that after 1980 and 1984 liberals don't have the luxury of ruling out anyone as part of the 1988 ticket. She's right.



Let's look at the Democratic presidential lineup. Why waste the time? Were Reagan running for reelection in 1988, I concede that there would be no reason to check out the Democrats. He'd have a lock on conservatives. But someone else is going to be the Republican presidential nominee in 1988, probably someone with less impressive conservative credentials. George Bush and Bob Dole and Pete du Pont and Al Haig are in the race, after all, and none of them has a proprietary claim on the conservative vote. A sizable chunk of the Reagan coalition consists of conservative Democrats. They may well prefer a moderate-to-conservative Democrat to, say, Bush. So the Democratic field at least warrants a glance.

For the purpose of examining the ten mentionees for the 1988 Democratic nomination, I've divided them into three camps: those whom conservatives should take a look at, though they probably won't run (Bradley, Nunn); those whom conservatives should consider and who may well run (Robb, Iacocca, Congressman Richard Gephardt of Missouri, and Governor Bruce Babbitt of Arizona); and those whom conservatives can feel pretty comfortable in dismissing out of hand (Hart, Biden, Cuomo, Jesse Jackson). The categories, however, make the field sound better than it is. It's unlikely that more than two of the six Democrats worth a look by conservatives will ultimately enter the race. But the four who are too liberal for consideration will all probably run. So the field will have a liberal tilt. Worse, as of now,

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the four liberals are the front-runners.

For conservatives, having Bradley and Nunn in the Democratic race would be too good to be true. Alas, I don't think it is. *Newsweek* suggested last June that Bradley was really conniving to run, but he has persuaded me that he's not. He has passed up races before when there was a clamor for him—in 1972 when Democrats wanted him to run for Missouri treasurer, and in 1974 when New Jersey Democrats drew a congressional district for him. He has his own sense of timing. And it's worked well for him so far.

Were Bradley the Democratic nominee against George Bush in 1988, I think conservatives would have a hard time choosing. Bradley is a liberal, I know, but not a New Age liberal. He flunks on the social issues, but he was a pioneer on tax reform. Sure, tax reform wouldn't have gotten anywhere without Reagan. But it wouldn't have without Bradley either. His tax reform bill (top rate 30 percent) preceded Jack Kemp's by two years, Reagan's by three. He's the only liberal I know who uses supply-side jargon about "marginal tax rates." He wants them as low as possible. He argues that the more people are permitted to keep of what they earn the better.

Bradley took a big step in voting for military aid to the contras last spring. He'd voted ten times before against any aid at all. When I talked to him early in 1985, he had reached the point of believing that some action had to be taken against the Sandinistas. He suggested the Mexicans squeeze the "oil tourniquet," something that he had to know would never happen. But after a year on the Senate Intelligence Committee, he embraced the contras. His switch prompted peaceniks to sit in at his New Jersey office. Bradley had them arrested.

Nunn's vote for contra aid was expected. He's the closest thing the party has to a successor to Senator Henry Jackson, the anti-Communist hardliner who died in 1983. But Nunn isn't Jackson. His style of leadership is different. Nunn likes to remain uncommitted on an issue—contra aid, MX missile, Star Wars—in order to wring some concession from the sponsor. And when he signs on, he often does so unenthusiastically. On Star Wars, for instance, he's voted for billions in funding while attacking Reagan for promising a shield that will make nuclear weapons obsolete. Still, he's been a crucial ally to Reagan. Without Nunn, the MX would have died.

Until 1984, Nunn stayed out of national party politics. But now he's an active leader of the Democratic Leadership Council, whose goal is to pull the party to the right. When the DLC was formed in 1985, there were predictions it would rapidly fall apart. By lending his stature, Nunn has helped keep it alive and influential. Robb tells anyone who cares to hear that Nunn is his preference for the 1988 nomination. Robb says Nunn's resolve not to run is weakening. Nunn now says the chances he'll run are slim, but he told Paul West of the *Baltimore Sun* that he's at least considering it.

Robb is another story. He's completely open to the idea of running. For a fellow so cautious and such an uninspiring speaker, it's amazing that he's been able to make himself a nationally known figure. Being married to Lyndon Johnson's daughter helps. So does his DLC activity. So does his success as governor of Virginia. My guess is he'd have won 65 percent of the vote if he hadn't been barred by law from seeking a second gubernatorial term in 1985. The most striking thing about Robb is his bearing—straight ex-Marine. More than any prominent Democrat, he has a conservative temperament.

Were Bill Bradley the Democratic nominee against George Bush in 1988, I think conservatives would have a hard time choosing.

Like Bradley, Robb is a liberal on social issues (Nunn favors a constitutional amendment overturning *Roe* v. *Wade*). If a candidate isn't, he might as well forget presidential politics because the liberal pressure groups (women, blacks, homosexuals) will kill you. Robb made two important speeches this year. In one, he said racism wasn't the chief problem anymore in the black ghetto, but "self-defeating patterns of behavior are." Deal with them, he said, if you want to do anything about the growing underclass. That may not sound like much to conservatives, but it's not what national Democrats often say. In the other speech, he said the party's isolationism wasn't merely a false "perception." Democrats have actually grown "hesitant and ambivalent about asserting American leadership abroad." For Robb, cordoning off Nicaragua isn't enough. "A consolidated Communist regime in Managua, allied solidly with the Soviet Union, will pose a long-term threat to America's strategic interests," Robb said. Reagan couldn't have said it better.

While Robb could be talked into running, Gephardt and Babbitt already have been. Gephardt, who's from St. Louis and heads the House Democratic Caucus, has talked to colleagues about his plans. And he's making all the moves for acceptance by liberal interest groups who have so much clout in presidential nominations. This, as you might expect, means he's a lot less acceptable to conservatives. Gephardt has been a noisy opponent of contra aid. His position: let's have a treaty with the Sandinistas and don't ask if they'll comply. "If we do not try, we will never know," he said.

For all his maneuvering, Gephardt has committed two blunders this year. When tax reform hit a bumpy spot in the road, Gephardt bugged out and made protectionism his big domestic issue. He guessed wrong. Tax reform, spurred by Reagan and Bradley, made a comeback, while trade is an issue of limited durability. Gephardt also got into trouble on abortion when he dropped his support for reversing *Roe* v. *Wade* by constitutional amendment, letting the states decide whether to allow or ban abortion. That amendment—it's the one Nunn backs—will never pass, he said in explanation. Pro-life groups were apoplectic, and they've made Gephardt their newest whipping boy. Reporters were skeptical of his flip-flop, particularly because Gephardt got cute about it. At a breakfast session with them, he declined to state his true preference on abortion. He's asking for trouble.

Abortion is no problem for Babbitt. Though a Catholic, he's always been for legalized abortion. Nicaragua and the contras are his problem. He got into an argument, in print, with Jeane Kirkpatrick and Charles Krauthammer last March. Babbitt lost. "We should sever our bonds with the contras—provided the Sandinistas agree to expel Russians and Cubans, reduce their armed forces and forswear the support of the Marxist rebels among their neighbors," he wrote in the *New York Times*. Forcing the Sandinistas to do all those would be wonderful, but Babbitt left something out. What about democracy in Nicaragua? Oh, that will come about in due course once the contras are dumped. The Nicaraguan people will see democracy elsewhere in Central America and demand it for themselves, Babbitt said. Good luck.

The contra issue aside, Babbitt is one of the more interesting politicians in America. He is invariably described in the press as "thoughtful." His aide, Fred DuVal, calls him a "radical centrist." Babbitt has an odd assortment of pro-business, pro-environment, pro-spending cut tendencies. He's had a running feud with organized labor since he sent in the National Guard during a copper strike in 1983. What's gotten him the most attention is his proposal to "means test" government programs from Social Security to farm credit. In other words, only the needy would get benefits. This makes liberals nervous for fear that all programs would come to be castigated as "welfare." Babbitt may be on to something there.

That brings us to Iacocca. If he's a viable candidate, you couldn't prove it by me. But Greg Schneiders, a shrewd political consultant in Washington and a moderate, thinks Iacocca could lead the Democratic party away from its suicidal liberalism. Schneiders is the force behind the draft-Lee movement. It's plain Iacocca isn't a New Age liberal. But is he a Democrat or a Republican? Teddy Kennedy says you can tell he's a Democrat because he took $2 billion from the federal government. But you also can tell he's a Republican, Kennedy adds, because he paid the money back.

What about the front-runners? Since we're dismissing them out of hand, they don't require much attention. Gary Hart is bent on running Mondale-style in 1988. He's courting liberal groups galore, and he's now got the most liberal voting record in the Senate. Hart has tried to dress up his isolationist views in the cloth of a thin new doctrine called "enlightened engagement." There's no question that his goals, strengthening America's alliances and curbing Soviet expansionism, are internationalist. Hart's problem is that he would bar any realistic means for achieving them. He says "bilateral and regional agreements with Nicaragua to constrain the Sandinistas further" are the answer in Central America. Clever manipulation of international economics can check the Soviets, according to Hart. Conservative, these ideas aren't.

It's self-evident why conservatives aren't going to vote for Mario Cuomo, no matter who the Republican presidential candidate is. Cuomo has made himself the chief spokesman for big government liberalism, a Mondale with charisma. That means there's a warm spot in liberal hearts for him. But suppose Cuomo shocked everyone and ran for President in 1988 as a foreign policy hawk. It's not likely, but it is conceivable. His aides have talked about it. As a governor, after all, he doesn't have a foreign policy. He can latch on to whatever one he wants. Stranger things have happened.

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Joe Biden. Give him credit for supporting the Grenada invasion when all his party's presidential candidates weren't. But that's where the credit ends. Biden presents himself as a centrist. He gives ILAR speeches, denouncing Ideologues of the Left and Right. On any given issue except Grenada, he's on the other side from conservatives—contras, Star Wars, South Africa. He leads the charge against Reagan judicial appointees. Biden says that if a nominee is very conservative it means, ipso facto, that he lacks judicial temperament and should not be confirmed. Biden got press accolades in July when he supposedly nicked Jesse Jackson in a speech to the NAACP convention. Somehow, though, he never got around to mentioning Jackson by name. In my book that doesn't count as Jackson-bashing.

Lots of Jackson-bashing is needed. Jackson hasn't dropped his radical Third World ideology in which dictators like Hafez Assad and Fidel Castro rank so high. His emphasis has changed a little, however. Attacking drug use gets more emphasis these days. Thus Jackson showed up and gave a speech at the funeral of Len Bias, the University of Maryland basketball star who died of a cocaine overdose. A pretty good speech, in fact. But don't worry. He'll be back to the Third World stuff again, finding the United States always at fault, whatever the circumstances, whatever racist demagogue that puts him in league with.

Jackson is the new litmus test for Democratic leaders. If they can't criticize him, unequivocally and by name, then they can kiss any vision of getting conservative votes goodbye. One day soon, I suspect, one of them may realize this. Perhaps he'll confront Jackson head-on, not obliquely like Biden. And my, oh my, the response from rank-and-file Democrats and conservatives, tired of the pampering Jackson gets, will be thunderous, and favorable. It's what could put a Democrat in the White House in 1989. Bill Bradley, say. □

James F. Grutsch, Jr. and A.D.J. Robertson

THE COMING OF AIDS II

A viral update.

What has happened to AIDS since we wrote our first article in January ("The Coming of AIDS," *TAS*, March 1986)? The number of Americans infected with the Aids virus has increased by about 40 percent and is almost certainly between two and three million, the number of AIDS cases reported to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) has increased from 15,948 to 22,173, and the number of known deaths among these cases has risen from 8,220 to 12,186. The first case of infection from the "safe" blood supply has been reported, as have at least two from the use of "safe," heat-treated clotting factors by hemophiliacs. While no cure or vaccine is in sight, we know much more about the natural history of the disease, because many people infected early in the epidemic have been followed in surveys for more than five years. On the other hand, we know that a lot is missed: in California a report to the governor shows that there is serious under-reporting of AIDS.

There are some new measures and recommendations: infection with the virus is now grounds for denying a visa for entry to the United States, but, according to a recent Justice Department opinion, is not a disability that can be discriminated against. Overseas, foreign workers are barred from entry to Germany if they are seropositive, while in Great Britain a person who knows that he is infected may not apply for life insurance or endowment-backed mortgages. In several states insurance companies are barred from requesting blood tests for the AIDS antibodies from applicants for life or health insurance. The notorious Mr. LaRouche has succeeded in getting onto the November ballot in California an initiative that would bar virus carriers from the food industry and schools, and would require widespread testing and quarantine.

The opinion issued on June 20 by the Justice Department is unusually clear and soundly-based scientifically. The writer, Assistant Attorney General Charles J. Cooper, separates disabilities which might arise from having AIDS itself, and cannot be discriminated against, from infection with the Aids virus, which is not a disability. In the opinion he is at pains to distinguish infection from infectiousness. He points out that, when writing the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, Congress did not intend to prevent an employer from exercising his own judgment about whether his workforce is put at risk by someone who is potentially contagious. Nor did Congress, as is shown by its subsequent silence on the issue, want to usurp the powers of detention and quarantine given, from the beginnings of the Union, to state and local authorities for the express purpose of preventing the spread of disease.

Arguments against testing to find out who is infected are oddly similar on both sides of the Atlantic. Our desire not to know the worst is justified with the reasoning that, since the disease cannot be cured and since one should advise anyone against promiscuity and drug abuse whether or not he is infected with the virus, a test can change nothing. This appears to mean that knowing who is infected with a lethal disease will not reduce its transmission. Against this defeatist background, the number of AIDS cases caused by heterosexual transmission, particularly from women to men, is rising more rapidly than the number in any other of the CDC's risk groups. Finally, the Public Health Service has issued estimates of about 300,000 new cases by the end of 1991; we believe this to be a gross underestimate, though closer to the truth than the reassuring messages issued in the past.

The Second International Conference on AIDS, held in Paris in June, was remarkable for the complete lack of good news. The most encouraging cure was announced by Dr. Anthony Fauci, who works for the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda. He has been treating the infected members of three pairs of identical twins with chemotherapy and bone marrow transplants from their uninfected brothers. Two of the AIDS patients are dead, while the third has survived for ten months with some improvement in immune function. Thus, even if you are lucky enough to have a disease-free identical twin, your prognosis cannot be said to be good. It is even worse for everyone else. In the final plenary session of the meeting Dr. James Curran, the leader of the AIDS task force at the CDC, bravely apologized for earlier underestimating the disease. Perhaps, he said, wishful thinking rather than preventive medicine had been used for too long. This was the most encouraging development revealed in over 900 presentations.

There has also been some additional information regarding transmission of the Aids virus. Two non-sexual routes of transmission, recognized early in the epidemic, are the carriage of the virus with clotting factors used by hemophiliacs and in blood and blood products used in transfusions. It had been hoped that heating the concentrate used for Factor VIII preparations would kill enough viral particles to prevent new infections of hemophiliacs. But a report of antibody production in a hemophiliac who had used only the heat-treated concentrate has just been published in *Lancet* (March 15, 1986), showing that we will probably have to wait until clotting factors can be mass-

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produced by bio-technology before we can be certain not to infect newly diagnosed hemophiliacs. Our experience with AIDS shows that the problem of avoiding disease spread in blood is much more difficult than had been thought.

There is a widespread belief, strongly reinforced by spokesmen for the American Red Cross and hospitals and by public health officials, that the blood supply has been safe ever since screening of donated blood with the ELISA test began about a year ago. This is not true. Donors are screened in two ways. First, they are asked to exclude themselves if they fall into a risk group—and the groups are defined more stringently than they were. Any man who has had sexual contact with another is now asked to exclude himself, whereas earlier the criterion was sexual contact with more than one other man since 1979. Nonetheless some male homosexuals still donate blood; one of these caused the first recorded infection of a transfusion recipient after screening began. The screening tests used now exclude all but a tenth of one percent of false positive results; we don't know how many units of blood are falsely negative. Our calculations suggest that when all sources of testing error are combined, the range of false negative results is between 5 and 30 percent of the true positives. If one in a thousand samples is found to be positive, somewhere between five and thirty in a hundred thousand will have been missed.

The Public Health Service and the directors of blood banks assume that of the 12 million units of blood collected in the U.S. each year, 120, or one in 100,000, may slip through the current screening procedure. This official estimate is obviously based on the most optimistic assumptions only, since there are still unknown facts which do not allow us to estimate exactly what the rate of failure to detect infected blood will be. At what rate were recipients of transfusions being infected before screening began? The CDC have estimated that the expression of frank AIDS occurs at a rate between one-thirtieth and one-hundredth of the current rate of infection with the virus. If we accept this range we can make some estimates.

The Aids virus began to enter the blood supply in force perhaps two to three years after the first infections of homosexuals and drug addicts. Thus there were about four years of contamination of the supply before screening started. During this period there were roughly eight million transfusions in which the patient survived the accident or surgery requiring transfusion. Roughly 400 people have transfusion-related AIDS; therefore between 12,000 (400x30) and 40,000 (400x100) were infected. Dividing these numbers into eight million gives risk of infection by transfusion of between one in 667 and one in 200. The true risk is very likely to be in this range. Officials state that the risk has been reduced to one in 100,000 or less, that is, by a factor of between 5,000 and 150. Dr. Myron Essex of the Harvard School of Public Health, on the other hand, has suggested that the risk has been reduced by one-third to one-tenth, which is consistent with our calculations.

It must be remembered that all these calculations deal with rates that operated over a year ago, when the prevalence of the virus in the population was unlikely to be more than half what it is now, so whatever the risk was then it has doubled. Only time, and research, can tell what the real risk is.

It is also important to remember that there is no evidence the risk of developing AIDS, given infection by transfusion, is lower than the risk given infection by a different route. The apparent differences in risk now can be accounted for by the shorter period in which the infection has been spread by transfusion than, say, by needle sharing. Even infected hemophiliacs, who were almost all infected between two and four years ago, are already showing a higher AIDS rate—that is, the rate at which those infected with the Aids virus develop AIDS—than the one percent quoted by the blood banks to reassure their customers. The rate is increasing steadily, as it is in the other infected groups.

Finally, both observations on people and experiments with chimpanzees show that the chance of being infected if given infected blood by transfusion is over 90 percent, not 30 to 50 percent as Johanna Pindyck of the New York Blood Center said in a press conference on July 15 when discussing the look-back program to identify recipients of contaminated blood.

Screening the blood supply has thus reduced the rate of contamination, but it cannot eliminate it. As the number infected has roughly doubled since screening started, the current range of possible false negative results is more like 10 to 60 percent of the true positive rate found a year ago. What makes this sobering is that almost all transfusion-caused AIDS cases are still due to infection incurred long before testing started. A Red Cross spokesman in Georgia recently comforted potential recipients of infected blood by telling them that *most* of the infected blood was only weakly positive; this is about as reassuring as telling a virgin that she is only a little bit pregnant.

Once AIDS has been diagnosed, the death rate in both sexes of all three racial groups counted (white, black, and Hispanic) is about the same and is remarkably similar to the overall rate of AIDS diagnosis. Thus, once you get AIDS, there is not more than a 2 percent chance that you will survive five years, and there is no evidence for any factors that would improve the prognosis. These facts, which have seemed likely for a long time, were confirmed at the Paris meeting.

The number of AIDS cases caused by heterosexual transmission, particularly from women to men, is rising more rapidly than the number in any other of the CDC's risk groups.

About 60 percent of those diagnosed with AIDS become demented; many children born infected with the virus do not develop properly and in particular their brains grow too slowly. There is no consensus as to whether the virus infects brain cells directly, or is only carried to the brain in infected white blood cells. However, the damage resulting from the infection is enough to cause massive loss of brain tissue, dementia, and death.

Several new observations show that we must be extremely cautious in analyzing the epidemiology of viral spread and of AIDS itself. An increasing number of people show neurological damage caused by the virus. This kills before true AIDS symptoms develop and has been wrongly diagnosed as Alzheimer's disease. There must be other cases like this, just as we now know that other infectious diseases, not classified with the opportunistic infections of AIDS, are killing people infected with the Aids virus.

There is an unknown, and unintended, under-reporting of deaths caused by the virus. There is also deliberate under-reporting to protect patients, or their heirs, from the social and financial consequences of being known to carry the virus or of having had an AIDS victim in the family. For example, the journal *Science* quoted Dr. Jerome Groopman, a prominent clinician doing important work on the natural history and epidemiology of the virus, as saying that while he always reported a case of AIDS to the CDC he might not put the diagnosis on a death certificate since it could be hard on a family. There are also reasons not to classify a patient as having AIDS, since he may become uninsurable or lose his job.

In California it has been discovered (by matching reporting records to death certificates for secondary infections known to be part of the AIDS complex) that about 25 percent of AIDS cases fitting the CDC surveillance definition are not reported. A deficiency of 25 percent seriously distorts the pattern of an epidemic and has profound consequences for the health and insurance industries which need accurate actuarial data. There are other systematic distortions. While 6 percent of reported AIDS cases in California involve married men, 36 percent of those in the unreported cases are married men. This leads to a gross underestimate of the heterosexual spread of the Aids virus.

Another source of confusion is the classification of those infected with the virus into symptom-free carriers, those with ARC (AIDS-Related Complex), and those with AIDS. ARC is diagnosed if a patient has any two of both the signs and symptoms of AIDS, which, as Dr. Groopman said, is rather like choosing a meal in a Chinese restaurant: "Two from each column." Since ARC is not reportable and widely believed to be benign, it is an attractive diagnosis.

In the small cohorts that have been studied longest, the progression from infected carrier to ARC, AIDS, and death is very steady. The highest AIDS rate, and therefore ultimate death rate, so far for those infected by the Aids virus is about 40 percent; in no cohort has the rate of progression through the stages decreased, though of course it will once most members of a cohort are dead. These estimates are based on small numbers and exclude deaths from other causes, so one can only speak of broad trends. Since, in the population at large, most people were infected a short time ago we will not know their ultimate fate for many years. Their prognosis is extremely gloomy, however, even leaving out deaths due to brain damage which may have a longer average latency than AIDS itself. There will be high death rates from AIDS in all segments of the sexually active population.

Even among the purely heterosexual the death rate will be noticeable in three to five years. This opinion is reinforced by the most recent data from Uganda, where, as in other Central African countries, high prevalences of infection have been measured, though the death rate is not yet known except from horrifying anecdotal accounts. In some countries up to 30 percent of the general population in cities is now in-

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fected. At the Paris meeting African delegates were prompt to acknowledge infection among prostitutes, in say Zambia, with the explanation that all Zambian prostitutes come from Tanzania . . .

Other studies in Denmark and the United States show clearly that at least 90 percent of those infected have some damage to their immune systems, and at least half exhibit a serious symptom from the ARC menu. These percentages will only increase, as has been the case when observation has continued long enough. There was, again, no single encouraging report of a reversal, or even slowing, in this trend at the Paris conference.

There are two kinds of argument about AIDS. The first is one of fact—how bad is the problem? The second is political—when does the government's duty to protect its citizens become overriding? The worst aspect of the AIDS problem is that the issue of rights has predominated to such an extent that it has excluded research needed to settle the first question. Without widespread testing of the population, or a good sample of it, we can only estimate the number of people infected in this country. Estimates from small numbers are notoriously unreliable for a process like the spread of the Aids virus.

Recent tests of new Army recruits show 1.7 per thousand infected, with women infected at about one-third the rate of men. In the oldest group, those above 29, nearly five per thousand of the recruits are infected. As many as 2 percent from some cities are infected. These are high numbers and show that we cannot afford to wait much longer, since they are just what was found in Africa three or four years ago. To persuade people to be tested, however, we must first decide what to tell those who are infected.

Public education is essential. In Europe, schoolchildren are given accurate, explicit lessons about AIDS, even though they are in countries where the epidemic is three or more years behind ours. In Cambridge, England, schools have been advised that children should not share musical instruments with mouthpieces. How would this go down in Cambridge, Massachusetts?

Fallacies must be exposed; these include the reassuring but dangerous belief that the rate of infection is dropping. This arises frequently because, inevitably, there is a delay in reporting cases to the CDC. Therefore the number of cases reported in the most recent year is always much less than it will ultimately become. For example, in January 1985 there were 3,864 cases reported as diagnosed in 1984, but by December 1985 this number had grown to 5,341 and now it is 6,751. When all the reports are in, the number of cases diagnosed in 1984 will probably have doubled from the number reported immediately at the end of that year.

It is more accurate to count new cases as they come in and add them to a cumulative total. This gives a true picture of the rate of increase of the disease. The increase in the total number of AIDS cases, undoubtedly under-reported, represents a doubling in roughly eleven months and in heterosexual AIDS cases a doubling in less than seven. These doubling periods have remained constant for over two years, since the last major changes in the definition of the risk groups.

Another fallacy, thoroughly laid to rest by the Paris meeting, is the comforting belief that only those whose immune systems are impaired by taking drugs, of apparently any kind by any route, will succumb to AIDS. As Dr. Curran said: "The only co-factor appears to be time." □

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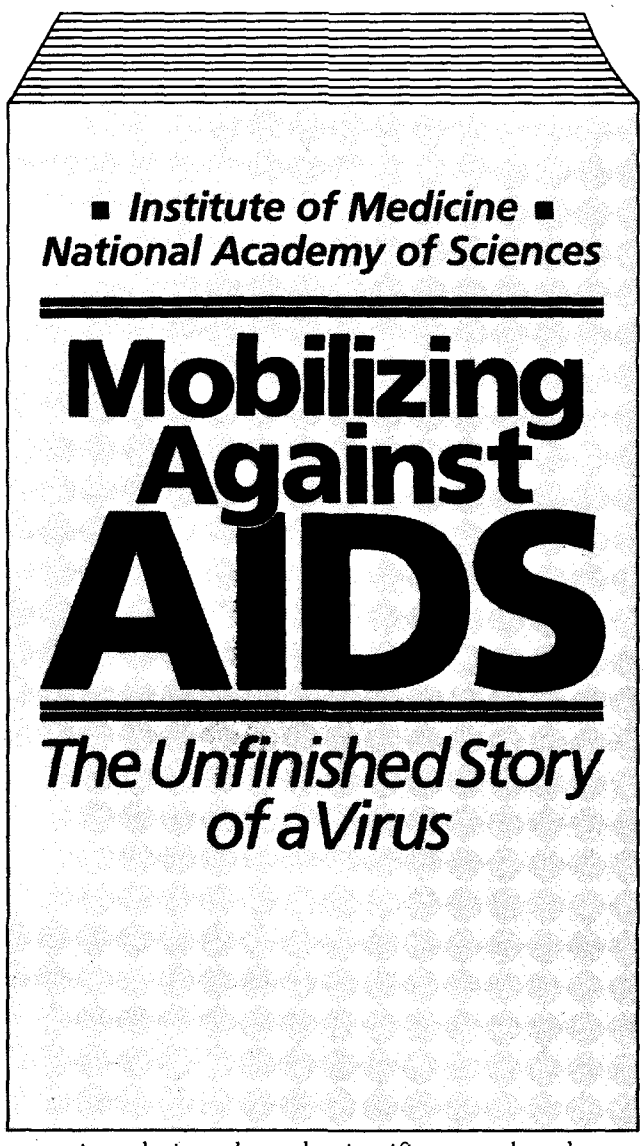

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Doug Bandow

FOREIGN AID PRESCRIPTIONS

Reagan's America should only help those who help themselves.

In June the United Nations General Assembly adopted a resolution calling for a five-year infusion of $128 billion into Africa. One-third of that, naturally, is expected to be foreign aid from the West: African leaders promised to raise the rest, as well as to reform their own domestic policies to promote economic growth.

The willingness of struggling Third World nations to acknowledge the failure of their statist development strategies is a welcome step forward. But action, not just talk, is necessary before Africa can reverse its slide into economic oblivion. And billions more in aid from abroad will do little other than reduce the pressure on recipient governments to introduce reforms.

There is no clearer example of the failure of foreign aid than the tragedy in Ethiopia. That country's problem is not one of insufficient funds; Ethiopia collected more than $900 million in bilateral and multilateral assistance between 1979 and 1982. Nevertheless, Ethiopia is today the poorest nation on earth. The basic problem in Ethiopia, as elsewhere, is a totalitarian political and economic system that cannot meet its people's needs under any circumstances.

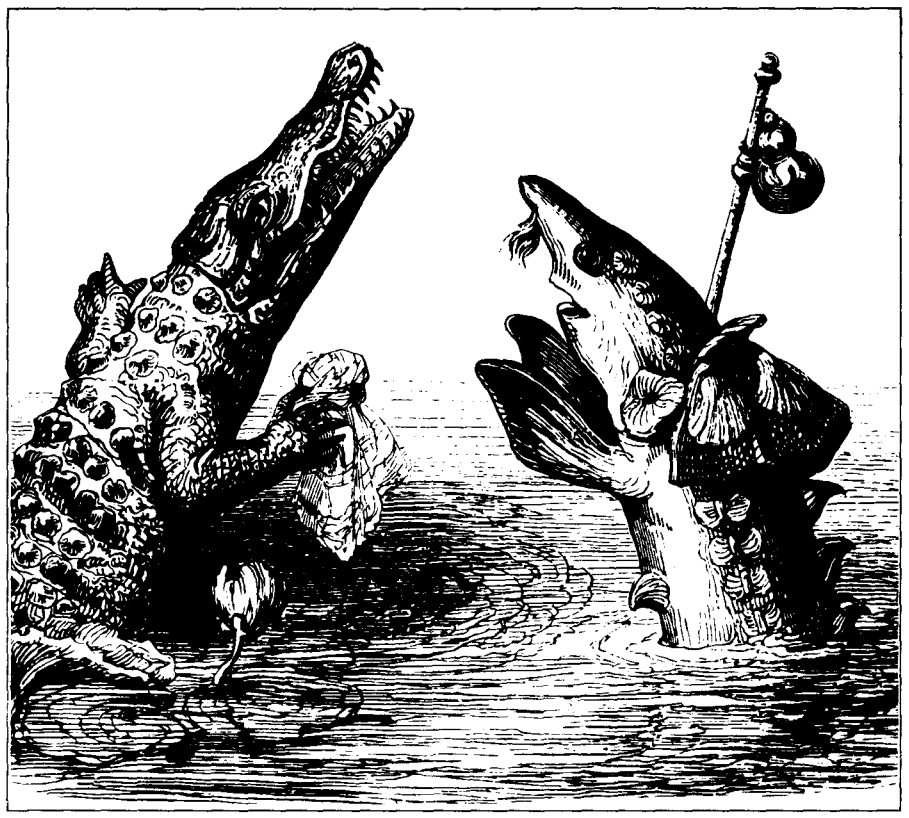
But no matter how powerful the evidence that international assistance programs are mostly useless, and often harmful, foreign aid remains one of the constants of the federal budget. The amount spent may decrease in the era of Gramm-Rudman, but the U.S. government will continue to spew forth a cornucopia of dollars to other lands. The practical question, then, is not how to cut assistance programs, but how to transform them into something that will promote economic progress abroad, in however attenuated a form.

Between 1946 and 1983 the U.S. contributed more than $131 billion in grants and loans for economic assistance alone; the Export-Import Bank and other federal agencies added another $55 billion in loans to that total. Military aid during the same period topped $100 billion, and humanitarian assistance ran some $34 billion. In all, Americans have loaned or given away more than $320 billion since World War II.

American bilateral aid has been supplemented by nearly $173 billion from a dozen multilateral organizations over the same period. Since the U.S. is a member of most of these bodies, $40 billion or so of that assistance came from the U.S. The steady multi-billion dollar flow, moreover, is supplemented by nearly $1 trillion in lending by Western commercial banks and other institutions.

Almost two-thirds of this assistance is intended to promote economic development. In fact, its effect has been quite the opposite. By providing governments with bundles of extra cash, says British economist P. T. Bauer, international aid "accelerates and aggravates the disastrous politicization of life in the Third World." In societies where politics already dominates everything else, and where few alternative social and economic power structures exist, official foreign aid makes the government sector almost omnipotent. As a result, the brightest and most ambitious people in society are further channeled into the state sector, dampening any entrepreneurial possibilities.

Not surprisingly, the World Bank's 1983 World Development Report found that the degree of state interference was dramatically and inversely related to economic growth rates, as well as production and savings levels. Experience yields a similar conclusion: countries that maintain market-oriented policies, whether Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, South Korea, the Ivory Coast, or Sri Lanka, have achieved relatively high levels of economic development, often in dramatic contrast to their neighbors, which rely on state direction of the economy.



In some cases, unfortunately, no reform can be expected—Ethiopia, for example—and the U.S. should thus cut off economic aid entirely. But in cases where countries, though authoritarian, are inclined to be pragmatic, a new, market-oriented foreign-assistance strategy may yield significant results. For any reforms to be successful, however, there has to be a fundamental change in the way policy-makers think about the foreign-aid issue.

For example, they should recognize budgetary reality: the new initiative should be implemented with existing funds and food stocks. There is always a surplus of ideas on how to spend more money—the Administration has pushed a special $500 million African Economic Policy Initiative, for instance. But U.S. taxpayers already contribute nearly $10 billion annually in economic assistance, surely enough to pursue an effective foreign-aid policy.

Congress also needs to give the Administration wider latitude in reprogramming existing funds—the bulk of development funding is currently set both by program area and country—and in using existing "sunk cost" resources, such as stockpiled crops and local currencies generated by the Food for Peace program, in innovative ways. Otherwise, congressional micromanagement will kill any prospect for genuine change.

Equally important, Administration appointees must support the new free-market assistance strategy. It is said that State Department and AID officials always oppose reductions in foreign assistance to a nation for one of two reasons: our bilateral relations with the aid recipient are getting better, or they are growing worse. The foreign policy leadership, above all the President, must be committed to over-

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riding pervasive bureaucratic resistance if a new program is not to be stillborn.

If these conditions are met, can a market-oriented aid policy make a difference? Yes, though only if the program changes are fundamental and are pursued vigorously. AID under Reagan, for instance, has rhetorically committed itself to a market-oriented foreign-assistance strategy, making "economic policy reform" and "private sector participation" two of its major objectives. However, internal bureaucratic opposition, limited authority to cut off aid monies, and inadequate vision have greatly undercut the impact of the Administration's reforms.

Thus, a more far-reaching market initiative is needed, one that encourages both substantive change and a greater likelihood of practical success. One possible, fourfold approach would involve:

•*Conditioning Aid on Policy Reform.* Many foreign-aid recipients have a host of "parastatals"—government-owned enterprises—that lose money, draining away valuable capital and personnel from more productive economic sectors. Restrictions on prices and production skew the incentives of suppliers and the demand of consumers, distorting the whole economy. There are also perverse monetary, fiscal, and credit policies, contributing to widespread economic instability and stagnation. And foreign investment is actively discouraged by many developing countries.

To correct these disastrous policies, the United States must be willing to condition its aid on genuine policy reform, which also means that we must be willing to cut off recalcitrant regimes if such reform is not forthcoming. A number of Third World countries, such as Bangladesh, Morocco, and Ecuador, are already moving, albeit haltingly and usually only after exhausting all alternatives, in the direction of a freer market. Knowing that continued aid depended on additional economic reform would encourage regimes to continue and expand those changes.

Further, despite minimal authority to reshuffle assistance monies, AID has made "policy dialogue" one of its major goals and has had some success in convincing recipients of U.S. funds to reform their economic policies. The agency helped convince Bangladesh to reduce its role in the retailing of fertilizer, for instance. The overall effect has been small, but again the trend is positive. If the Administration possessed—and was willing to use—authority to reward and punish countries based on their domestic policies, more significant reforms should be possible.

•*Funneling Assistance Through the Indigenous Private Sector.* AID has made development of local enterprises another of its basic goals. Unfortunately, the portion of the budget devoted to the Private Enterprise Bureau is minuscule, and some of the agency's efforts have done more to subsidize U.S. firms and local governments than promote efficient local businesses.

With greater flexibility in the use of funds, however, there are ways to keep foreign aid out of the hands of local governments. In particular, assistance could be loaned directly to private individuals and businesses, either through AID directly, or through intermediaries, such as American Private Voluntary Organizations like CARE and Catholic Relief Services and indigenous private banks and credit unions. Dr. Carl Liedholm, a professor of economics at Michigan State University, reports that these sorts of credit programs have the greatest chance of success if they rely on working rather than fixed capital, use local institutions to screen borrowers, and make initial loans for small amounts and short periods to encourage repayment.

There's no reason why the U.S. cannot press the World Bank and other international financial institutions to direct more of their lending to private firms. The Asian Development Bank has begun a loan program for local firms without requiring local government participation, as it has in the past; the other regional development banks could do likewise.

Providing financing—at roughly market interest rates—to local enterprises would be particularly important in countries where the government monopolizes financial institutions and uses credit for domestic political ends. Creating private financial conduits for locally owned enterprises also is important because the majority of firms in Third World nations are small and rural-based, while the economic policies of their governments tend to favor larger industries located in urban areas.

The success of this approach, however, will be limited by two factors. One is that unless fundamental economic reforms are adopted, local businesses, even with new sources of capital, will not flourish. The other is that the amount of money available for distribution to private operators will be constrained by the size of the bribe necessary to convince local authorities to change their policies. Where regimes are fearful of any economic growth outside of their control, they may block private sector assistance even if government-to-government aid is contingent on accepting such a program.

•*Lending Food for Peace Monies to Local Enterprises.* The Food for Peace program generates significant amounts of funds which could easily be shifted to support a market-oriented strategy.

The practical question is not how to cut assistance programs, but how to transform them into something that will promote economic progress abroad.

Currently Title I of Public Law 480—which provided for about $985 million in aid last year—also allows the U.S. to sell food, on credit, to developing nations. Repayment, at interest rates of two to three percent, begins ten years after the loan is made; in the meantime, the recipient government must give the U.S. the equivalent amount in local currency. Those funds are usually left with the borrower as long as he pledges to undertake "self-help projects." Unfortunately, in the words of one Senate staffer, P.L. 480 recipients just "use the funds to hire more people for the central government."

The U.S. could better use these funds by lending to local businesses through financial intermediaries. The process would be similar to that proposed for general U.S. aid, except that to preclude any budget increase these funds would have to be repaid to the U.S. government beginning in ten years. Such a program shift would be quite practical: Senator Jesse Helms pushed through an amendment to the Farm Bill which designated ten percent of Title I funds a year for this purpose. Within a month of the measure's passage, cooperatives and Private Voluntary Organizations had already met to discuss methods of distributing the funds. American corporations, too, have indicated an interest in working with partner firms in developing countries to loan out P.L. 480 money.

•*Using Crop Surpluses as Inducements.* As of last fall the Commodity Credit Corporation possessed nearly $5.6 billion in crops purchased from farmers to help prop up domestic prices. That includes 2.1 billion pounds of dairy products, 407 million bushels of wheat, 225 million bushels of corn, 410 million pounds of rice, 112 million bushels of grain sorghum, and four million bushels of soybeans. These stockpiles are of no use to Americans, since the food cannot be released on the U.S. market except in limited distributions to the poor; indeed, the federal government spends hundreds of millions of dollars every year to process and store the surplus. These supplies could easily be used as another tool to reward Third World governments that initiated genuine policy reform, particularly in the area of agriculture.

AID and State need legislative authority to use the crops to encourage cooperation by recipient nations. A modest "Food for Progress" program, utilizing two to three percent of the corn, wheat, and sorghum reserves, and 25 percent of the rice stockpile, was developed within the Administration last year, but opposition from AID—which administers existing P.L. 480 programs and therefore favored the status quo for bureaucratic reasons—killed it.

Nevertheless, Helms and other Agriculture Committee members, like Rudy Boschwitz, included a modest version of this initiative in the Senate Farm Bill. The program would not be tied to yearly appropriations and would focus on promoting market-oriented agricultural policy reforms. Moreover, Food for Progress will actually save money: the Department of Agriculture estimates that the cost of processing and bagging food under the original Administration proposal would have run $43.3 million, less than half the $89.1 million cost of continuing to store the same supplies.

Most important, this approach, if expanded, will help recipients buffer the impact of policy reforms—including those adopted in response to the conditioning of other U.S. foreign assistance—on politically sensitive groups, particularly urban populations. Most Third World nations now control food prices to pacify consumers; Egyptian farmers are said to buy bread to feed their chickens because it is cheaper than unprocessed wheat. Extra crop shipments would allow countries to maintain modified subsidies of food prices, for example, while paying domestic farmers at market levels.

Distribution of the aid would have to be carefully controlled so as not to undercut demand for domestic foodstuffs; traditional Food for Peace shipments have damaged indigenous farmers in countries like Guatemala, Haiti, and India by driving down crop prices. But the availability of large stocks of wheat, corn, rice, and other products would be a powerful inducement for regimes to modify or abandon their most damaging economic controls. Countries would develop most quickly without any subsidies or economic distortions; but the political situation in most of them ensures that such state intervention will not disap-

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pear overnight. Surplus U.S. grains could help ease the transition.

In a perfect world there would be no government-to-government foreign aid, at least not for development purposes. But large-scale U.S. economic assistance is not going to disappear any time soon.

Therefore, if foreign aid is to have any beneficial impact, existing programs must be fundamentally restructured. First, aid levels should come down, not go up. The U.S. must not let pressure for increased appropriations obscure the real cause of global underdevelopment: Third World regimes that stifle economic incentives, confiscate personal earnings, discourage private investment, and terrorize their people.

Second, assistance should be carefully targeted, to reward countries that adopt growth-producing policies and to punish recipients that do not. Some countries may not be willing to cooperate with the U.S. at any price; cutting them off, even if they are the poorest of the poor, would be painful but necessary. For continuing to subsidize governments that knowingly wreck their economies, whether for political or ideological reasons, would be far crueler.

Other regimes, however, may be pragmatic or desperate enough to respond to the new American approach, making everyone better off, particularly the Third World peoples most in need. And that, at least, would make the annual foreign-aid bite a little less painful. □

Thomas Sowell

ROSE BIRD ON TRIAL

Will the rest of her gang get away?

Even though this is a congressional election year, one of the most important elections in the nation is not for Congress, or for the governorships, or for the state legislatures, but for the California Supreme Court. The issues involved reach well beyond California. This election is in fact building up to a referendum on the practice of judicial activism, which has provoked increasingly bitter controversy across the nation over the past thirty years.

Activist judges who go beyond the written law—or counter to the written law—in order to reach decisions they consider morally or socially preferable, are revered by some and reviled by others. No one does this more than the California Supreme Court, or provokes more controversy in the process.

Rose Bird, Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, has become the symbolic focus of this controversy. Four different organizations have been formed for the express purpose of defeating Bird in the California judicial election this November. On the other side, well over a thousand of her supporters recently attended a $200-a-plate dinner in her honor at the posh Fairmont Hotel, in San Francisco. This added up to more than a quarter of a million dollars raised in just one evening to pay for her fight to stay in office. Altogether, Rose Bird and her critics are expected to spend unprecedented millions of dollars during the election campaign. The controversies swirling around Chief Justice Bird threaten to overshadow both the elections of her judicial colleagues, who will also be on the ballot, and the many serious and disturbing questions raised by the conduct of the California Supreme Court for more than a decade.

For many, the crucial person is Rose Bird and the crucial issue is the death penalty. In more than fifty consecutive death penalty cases, Bird has voted to reverse the trial court's sentence. Many of these cases are horrifying in their details—the sadistic torture-murder of a two-year-old girl, for example—so it is not surprising that much public outrage has been directed at Rose Bird for her rulings in such cases. Ironically, however, the focus on Bird and on death penalty cases may boomerang against critics of the California Supreme Court. They might easily win the battle and lose the war.

Rose Bird alone could not overturn a single death penalty verdict, since she has only one vote, like every other justice. The California Supreme Court as a whole has gone along with the Chief Justice in the overwhelming majority of death penalty reversals, often by a lopsided vote, or even unanimously. Getting rid of Bird will be a hollow victory for the court's critics, if the other justices are re-elected to continue overruling death penalty convictions. Moreover, death penalty cases are only the tip of the iceberg.

The California Supreme Court has been in the vanguard of judicial activism, virtually rewriting the law under the guise of interpretation, on a sweeping range of civil as well as criminal cases. More fundamental than any particular result in any particular case is the question whether the very meaning of law is being destroyed in California by judicial edicts which ignore or defy the written law and the written constitution, in favor of the court's own social and political vision.

By centering their attacks on Rose Bird for her death penalty decisions, critics have allowed her colleagues to escape scrutiny for the very same practices. Moreover, they have allowed Bird and her defenders to seize the moral high ground and depict this election as a battle between those who attack judges for "unpopular decisions" and those who want the law upheld by an "independent judiciary." It is Joan of Arc versus a lynch mob, if you believe the image-makers who manage Rose Bird's election campaign. The real question—crucial both for California and for the nation—is whether judicial activists on the bench are in fact upholding the law or contributing to its destruction. The actual record of the California Supreme Court is very revealing, in civil as well as criminal cases.

While civil cases do not have the same emotional drama as death penalty cases, their impact on the public may be greater, even if not as widely understood. The judicial activism of the California Supreme Court was illustrated in a 1984 case in which an employee reported early to work, found his employers not yet there to open the

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door, and decided to use the time to work on his own car, which was parked on a public street. While pouring motor oil into the engine, he was struck by a passing automobile. Who was financially responsible for his resulting losses? According to the California Supreme Court, his *employer* was responsible.

Rose Bird's reasoning was that the worker "provided a benefit to the employer by waiting near the premises." Therefore, the injury was employment-related and the injured man was entitled to workman's compensation. While the decision was written by the Chief Justice, the votes of Justices Grodin, Reynoso, Broussard, Mosk, and Kaus provided the necessary majority. Only Justice Malcolm Lucas dissented, pointing out that the employee was "injured *outside* the work premises, *before* working hours, while engaged in an act of *personal* convenience."

The point is not simply that this was a bad decision. Nor was it simply an "unpopular decision" that the court was forced to make to "uphold the law." On the contrary, it twisted the law beyond recognition to make this a workman's compensation case and place the costs on the employer. This was only one in a long series of workman's-compensation and civil-liability cases in which the only consistency is that whoever has the most money—lawyers call it the "deep pocket"—is forced to pay.

In another "deep pocket" case, a California motorist who had an accident on the highway went to a telephone booth to call for help. While in the booth, he was struck by a drunk driver and severely injured. The financial responsibility was put on the telephone company. The ostensible reasoning of the court was that the phone booth should have been located in a safer place—as if any place near a highway could be safe from a drunk driver—but the real consistency was that the "deep pocket" lost once again.

This Robin Hood theory of justice has ramifications that reach well beyond skyrocketing liability insurance and the shutting down of businesses and activities that cannot afford it, or cannot get insurance at any price. When the written law no longer provides guidance as to how courts will rule, innocent parties who have obeyed the law are nevertheless fearful of going into court, and thus can be victimized by those threatening lawsuits.

A classic case involved a burglar who fell through a skylight while trying to break into a school—and sued the school. The burglar received more than a quarter of a million dollars for his injuries, in an out-of-court settlement by the school's insurance company. Obviously a profit-making enterprise like an insurance company does not give away that kind of money unless it is afraid of the uncertainties created by the courts' willingness to disregard the written law in order to rule for the plaintiff against "deep pocket" defendants. According to law professor Phillip E. Johnson at Berkeley, "California is generally recognized as one of the most 'pro-plaintiff' jurisdictions in the world, to the extent that injured persons from other states and countries are often eager to find a way to bring tort cases into California." The insurance company may have been wise to give the burglar his quarter of a million.

The issues involved reach well beyond California. This election is in fact building up to a referendum on the practice of judicial activism.

The Justices of the California Supreme Court are not stupid, nor is their behavior capricious. There is in fact a pervasive ideological pattern to both their civil and criminal decisions that disregard existing laws or create new "rights" out of thin air. They do not twist words or strain logic on the side of the prosecution, or businessmen, or for the taxpayers, but rather for criminals, welfare recipients, homosexuals, plaintiffs against business, or others favored by the liberal-left vision of the world. That vision has its legitimate place in the political spectrum, but it is not the law of the land unless the voters or their elected representatives say so. Yet the California Supreme Court has repeatedly substituted that vision for law by interpretations that have been ingenious, if not ingenuous.

The most galling examples are of course the death penalty cases. The grounds for reversing death penalty convictions have been virtually endless and incredibly imaginative. Despite numerous death penalty sentences, no one has been executed in California in eighteen years. Either California trial judges don't know how to conduct trials or the state supreme court is determined to stop death penalties from being carried out.

One prisoner convicted of murder gave a fellow-prisoner the names of four people who had testified against him after an armed robbery of the store in which they worked. The second prisoner, after his release, went to rob that same store, taking with him the list of witnesses, whom he methodically murdered with shotgun blasts, pausing after each killing to reload. The California Supreme Court reversed his death penalty conviction on grounds that the trial court failed to instruct the jury that it had to find specific intent to kill, in order to convict. A conviction for an elaborately sadistic sex-murder of a young mother was reversed by the court on the same grounds.

Another murderer of two helpless victims had his death penalty reversed because his attorney failed to attempt an insanity defense. The California Supreme Court did not say that the defendant was insane, but only that this tactic wasn't used, and should have been. They simply second-guessed his attorney's strategy and claimed that the defendant did not get an adequate defense. Other death penalty convictions have been reversed because the California Supreme Court suddenly objected to standard instructions to juries that had been used by judges for years. Moreover, these objections were made retroactive, upsetting death penalty convictions made years earlier.

Far from reversing these convictions in order to uphold the law, as Rose Bird and her defenders claim, the California Supreme Court has reversed in utter defiance of the law. The state constitution explicitly states that trial verdicts are *not* to be overruled unless "the error complained of has resulted in a miscarriage of justice." This constitutional provision may as well not exist, as far as the court is concerned. No technicality is too small when it comes to reversing death penalty convictions. Often the trial court's "error" consisted of nothing more than failing to guess that the state supreme court would object to things that had never been objected to before.

By contrast, the United States Supreme Court has ruled that a defendant "is entitled to a fair trial but not a perfect one." With innumerable rules and thousands of precedents involved, a judge, an attorney, a juror, or a witness, may fail to dot an *i* or cross a *t* in just the right way. But neither the California constitution nor federal law requires—or permits—that alone to be a basis for overruling a verdict. Yet the California Supreme Court constantly disregards the "miscarriage of justice" requirement when overruling convictions in even the most open-and-shut cases.

A detailed look at one such case will illustrate the mental agility of the justices. A man who shot and killed his wife, two children, and a niece had his conviction reversed by the court because his dead wife's letters were allowed to be used in the trial. These letters indicated that he had threatened to kill her, suggesting that the murders were premeditated. According to legal precedent, these letters should not have been admitted because they were hearsay.

There was no real issue as to whether this man committed the multiple murders. The only issue was whether it was premeditated first-degree murder or second-degree murder. However, the letters were not the only evidence that he had the time to think about the killings before committing them—which is all that is required for premeditation. After a quarrel with his wife, the defendant warned her about having to "pay the consequences," then went to get his rifle, came back and shot the wife, then went upstairs to kill the children, and even had to turn over a bed to find his nine-year-old son, who was hiding under it. So the letters were not the only evidence of premeditated murder. He didn't just happen to have a gun in his hand and pull the trigger in a sudden rage. He had to pull the trigger several times, with various steps in between.

Nevertheless, the California Supreme Court could have reduced the conviction to second-degree murder, if they thought the letters were that important, instead of requiring a new trial from scratch—after seven years had elapsed, with all the problems of trying to relocate witnesses, and trying to get them to remember exactly what happened that long ago. But the danger that a murderer might escape on a technicality has never deterred this court—even though, in this case, it had the option of requiring the trial court to re-sentence for second-degree murder.

As in so many other cases—both civil and criminal—Rose Bird voted with the liberal activist majority, but added her own special reasons, going much further. For her, the mere fact that there were no "resident aliens" on the jury that convicted the murderer was sufficient reason to overturn the verdict. The legal requirement that the jury be drawn from a cross section of the California population did not specify resident aliens, but Rose Bird wanted them represented.

This insistence that resident aliens are a constitutional requirement for convicting a multiple murderer is all too typical of Chief Justice Bird's taking a mile when the law gives her an inch. In another case, the fact that a California law protected an employee's

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right to engage in political activity was used to allow a homosexual to sue his employer for discrimination—by defining "coming out of the closet" as a *political* act! From the fact that everyone has a constitutional right to privacy, Rose Bird has leaped to the conclusion that the taxpayers have to provide that privacy, in the case of welfare recipients. When a shelter for unmarried and employable welfare recipients did not provide enough privacy, according to the Chief Justice, those welfare recipients had a *constitutional right* to something better.

Conjuring new constitutional rights out of thin air is part of the Bird court pattern, whenever the court disagrees with the policies voted by the elected representatives of the people. The issue is not whether the California Supreme Court's policies are better or worse than those of the state legislature. The issue is whether or not we live in a democracy where laws are to be respected—even by judges.

Getting rid of Bird will be a hollow victory for the court's critics, if the other justices are re-elected to continue overruling death penalty convictions.

It seems politically impossible for the Bird court to go before the voters and defend having changed the laws that were passed by "interpreting" them to mean whatever the court's social vision wanted them to mean. Yet they may not have to, and may well be able to continue the same practices after this year's election as before. Critics are so centering their fire on Rose Bird and on death penalty cases that only she is at risk on election day. All the other justices of the California Supreme Court who have consistently voted for the same kinds of judicial policy-making may escape through sheer anonymity. Moreover, while Bird's well-financed political defense may not succeed in saving her, it may yet succeed in conveying the impression that criticism of this court's behavior is an attack on the law, or an attempt to politicize the judiciary.

The tragic irony is that no one this side of the Mafia has shown more contempt for the law than Rose Bird, and no one has done more to turn the California Supreme Court into a political institution, carrying out a political agenda. Any hope of returning this court to the role of upholding the law, and following the constitution as written, depends on the voters *cleaning house* on election day—not just getting rid of Rose Bird. Yet opinion polls show only Rose Bird with more people opposed than in favor. This continues a long tradition in California of voter support of incumbent judges. No member of the California Supreme Court has been voted out of office in more than half a century, and only Bird came close, winning just 52 percent of the vote in 1978.

The political tactics of the Bird defense are brilliantly orchestrated by a group of political advisers, including nationally known political pollster and strategist Pat Caddell. The Rose Bird line is widely echoed in the media, parts of which refused to accept anti-Bird advertising in the previous close election. That may not save her this time, but it may well save the other justices who are doing the same things—and who will continue to do the same things when they are re-elected to new twelve-year terms.

Far from defending the judicial activism of the California Supreme Court, which has been in the vanguard of courts changing laws at will, Rose Bird flatly denies that it has happened. "I follow the law in all areas," she says. The California Supreme Court "is not a political branch of government," she asserts. When asked if she has been imposing her personal beliefs instead of the law, she points to the fact that most of the court has usually voted the same way she has. This sidesteps the issue by saying that everybody is doing it.

But the cold fact is that virtually everybody is doing it on the California Supreme Court—and on some other courts around the country. That is what makes this year's judicial election so important for the years to come, for both California and the nation. A long-overdue awareness of how various appellate judges have made a mockery of the law is beginning to dawn on the public and to be articulated by a few hardy souls willing to brave the denunciation of those who believe in judicial activism.

Attorney General Edwin Meese's recent call for judges to follow the law and the constitution as written has brought a storm of bitter attack, led by the U.S. Supreme Court's most free-wheeling judicial activist, Justice William Brennan. Rose Bird has joined in scorning "the law according to Eddie Meese," as she calls it. People like Meese are "bully boys" who want judges to "salivate on signal," she says. Her characterization of their viewpoint is: "You do as I say or you're out. I'm Eddie Meese and I want Eddie Meese and Eddie Meese's viewpoint everywhere on this court." The crudity of her attacks on Attorney General Meese has shocked even some of her supporters, such as the *Los Angeles Daily Journal*, a legal publication, which declared: "Meese has said no such thing."

From the standpoint of the coming election, the truth or falsity of Rose Bird's charges may mean far less than the sheer repetition of them in the media. Bird's media strategist, William Zimmerman, is playing it for all it is worth. "The New Right," according to Zimmerman, is "politicizing the courts," trying to have a judiciary "subject to the whims of public opinion." Former Governor Jerry Brown, who appointed Bird to the California Supreme Court, picks up the same theme. Deploring political leaders "who see it as their prerogative to have judges who do their bidding," Brown asserts that Rose Bird has "insisted on the underlying logic of the laws she interprets." Brown sees the role of the courts as that of "reining in the passions of the people."

Neither Jerry Brown nor William Zimmerman, nor any of Rose Bird's other official or unofficial supporters, has yet named a single individual who claims that judges should be controlled, or even influenced, by politicians. By verbal sleight-of-hand, they have turned the demand that judges follow the law into a demand that judges obey politicians. By a similar sleight-of-hand, they have turned the demand for respect for democratically passed laws into a demand that judges decide each case as public opinion dictates.

According to Rose Bird, "critics want a justice who responds to political pressure," but "the din and clamor of the moment" has been resisted, she says, while the California Supreme Court has "steadfastly upheld the rule of law." She also calls the California Supreme Court "one of the toughest judiciaries in the entire United States, if not in the entire world."

Bird counterattacks against critics who see the court as soft on criminals by asserting that California has "more people in our prisons" on a per capita basis than any other state, and more on a per capita basis than any nation, except the Soviet Union or South Africa. This is politically powerful stuff. It is also contrary to fact. Published statistics show *two dozen* states with higher per capita rates of incarceration than California. As for international comparisons, experts on criminology have said that there are no accurate international statistics, despite Chief Justice Bird's sweeping assertions. Significantly, it was not Rose Bird's vocal critics but a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner* who exposed her factual misstatements. Phone calls to her staff to get a reply were not returned.

The mantle of nobility that Rose Bird draws around herself has been sullied not only by such reckless inac-

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curacies in citing statistics and in misquoting "Eddie Meese," but also by her raising money for her election campaign from an organization of attorneys who specialize in representing plaintiffs with injuries. Given the well-known bias of the Bird court toward such plaintiffs, the lawyers would no doubt be getting their money's worth by keeping her on the court. But Rose Bird's repeated denunciations of "special interest politics" ring hollow against the background of her own money-raising practices. What matters for political election purposes, however, is not the reality but the image—and her image shines as brightly as ever among her media supporters, who simply leave out such inconvenient facts.

These media supporters range from the *New York Times*'s Anthony Lewis, who has long supported every form of judicial activism, to law columnist John A. Jenkins, who wrote a glowing—if not gushing—account of Bird in the November 1985 issue of Trans World Airlines's *Ambassador* magazine. According to Jenkins, "Rose Elizabeth Bird is fighting not just for her own political survival, but for an ideal: that of a free and independent judiciary." The "burning issue" in the coming election, according to Jenkins, is whether "judges should be allowed to decide cases solely on their legal merit, without fear of losing their jobs if they make an unpopular decision." Opposition to Bird's re-election—virtually inexplicable on the basis of the facts he selectively included and omitted—are explained by emotionalism, venality, sexism, and "the New Right's efforts to throw out judges who are too liberal and replace them with conservatives." There is apparently no honest way to differ with Rose Bird, in the vision presented by her media supporters.

The kind of glowing image of Rose Bird presented to TWA passengers will undoubtedly be repeated again and again to wider audiences during the election campaign, not only in her own political organization's handouts, but also in the media and among academic supporters. Several inconvenient facts disturb this image, however. Responsible individuals and groups who have never publicly opposed the election of any judge have come out against Rose Bird. That cannot be dismissed as right-wing politics.

That the California District Attorney's Association has opposed her re-election may not be as surprising as the fact that a recent poll of trial judges found that most of those who were willing to comment publicly were against the re-election of the Chief Justice. One trial judge even published a lengthy essay detailing the reasons for his opposition to the whole pattern of the California Supreme Court. That court, according to Superior Court Judge Joseph B. Harvey, "has retroactively changed the law." The issue, he says, "is not the desirability or wisdom of the changes" in public policy which it has imposed, but whether the people's democratic "right to govern themselves is being undermined by judges who are overstepping their function."

That is the key issue not only in California but all over the country. The issue is not liberal versus conservative, or whether the death penalty is good or bad, or whether particular decisions were "unpopular." It is not unpopularity but *unpredictability* that is the curse of judicial activism. In the chaos produced by judges who make the law mean whatever they want it to mean, there is no reliable guidance as to what anyone can legally do or not do. Astronomical liability insurance costs are only one symptom of this uncertainty. Doctors who have stopped delivering babies because of the ease with which they can be sued are another symptom—an especially costly consequence of judicial activism to pregnant women located in some rural areas, who may have to travel considerable distance to find a doctor with enough insurance to be willing to treat them.

Rose Bird has joined in scorning "the law according to Eddie Meese," as she calls it.

Laments that we are "a litigious society" miss the point entirely. When judicial activism creates a vast penumbra of uncertainty around the law, many cases end up in court that would never have been there a generation ago. There is no point blaming juries for large damage awards in cases that the judges should have dismissed before they reached the jury. A pilot who lets a passenger go into the cockpit and fly the plane cannot escape blame if it crashes. But California trial judges who dismiss trivial, frivolous, and speculative lawsuits are repeatedly overruled by the state supreme court, which orders the issues tried. An attorney who was fined for wasting an appellate court's time with a frivolous appeal had the fine overruled by the California Supreme Court.

With an "anything goes" attitude to (1) what can be litigated, and (2) how it will be decided, the California Supreme Court cannot escape responsibility for the overcrowded courts it is constantly lamenting. One of the advantages of following the written law is that many potential litigants stay out of court, because they know in advance what the decision will be. But when decisions represent judges' visions or whims, many more people find it a worthwhile gamble to try to collect from some "deep pocket," or to get the judges to give them what the elected officials refused to give them.

Law is a precious heritage in a free society. For too many centuries, despots issued edicts at will. More centuries of struggle and bloodshed were required before the ideal of "a government of laws and not of men" gained the ascendancy. Like all ideals, it was never perfectly realized. But the California Supreme Court has now turned the clock back to the issuing of edicts rather than the upholding of law. Whether those edicts favor plaintiffs or respondents, business or labor, prosecutors or defense attorneys, is not the issue. The issue is whether we shall live under laws, rather than under a judicial despotism.

It will be a tragedy of the first magnitude—for California and the nation—if all that happens at the next election is that Rose Bird is defeated, while her less well-known colleagues are put back on the state supreme court to continue the same kind of policies she symbolized. It will demonstrate to judicial activists all across the nation that even the fiercest public outrage can still be turned aside with a few pious phrases about an "independent judiciary."

The critics of the Bird court face a real challenge and a moral responsibility. The path of least resistance for them will be to keep focusing on Rose Bird, because they can then claim credit when she is defeated—as seems almost certain—and justify themselves to those who donated money to them. But if they face up to the real issue and try also to defeat Justices Grodin, Reynoso, and others who have voted consistently for the same things as Bird, they may end up with a less impressive batting average. The question is whether they want a scalp or a change in the court's policies. That will become clearer as the election campaign unfolds. All that seems clear at this point is that the campaign is certain to be bitter and divisive, and to add nothing to public respect for the courts.

Among the current members of the California Supreme Court, Justice Malcolm Lucas has an admirable record of trying to uphold the rule of law, while Rose Bird and Co. have been indulging their own social visions and political ideology. Justice Edward Panelli is too new to have much of a track record before election day, but he is highly regarded. As for the rest, California would be well rid of them. If the voters throw them out, judicial activists around the country will be put on notice that the party is over. □

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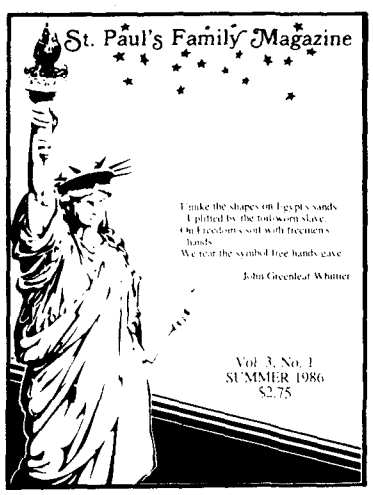
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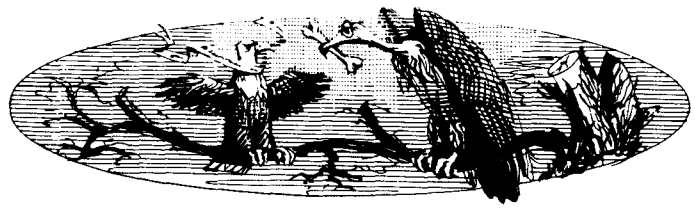

THE LIBERALS' LOST WEEKEND

by Robert D. Novak

When I mentioned to colleagues in the news business that I planned to visit New York City July 4 for the rededication of the Statue of Liberty, the invariable reaction was wonder and pity. "Boy," one journalistic friend told me in a refrain often repeated, almost word for word, "that is the last place in the world I would want to be."

Yet, non-journalistic friends invariably expressed envy that I was going to be lucky enough to watch the relighting of Miss Liberty from Governors Island, the parade of the tall ships from the carrier *Kennedy*, and the fireworks display from the battleship *Iowa*. "Can I come along to carry your suitcase?" was a frequent request.

While my colleagues were turning down gilt-edged invitations of the kind I received, hundreds of thousands of their countrymen were pouring into lower Manhattan—without tickets, without a vantage point to watch the festivities, often without a place of lodging. What my friends in Washington wanted to avoid at all costs, middle America felt it could not miss.

Here is evidence of an elite's determination to avoid rubbing shoulders with the masses. All but the very highest level of VIP's at Liberty Weekend encountered endless waits, bungled transportation, and crowds, crowds, crowds.

Phobia over too-close contact with their fellow citizens, of course, did not show up in the national news media's lamentations preceding the weekend. The critics concentrated on the event's vulgarity and commercialization, with an overlay of distaste for overt patriotism.

No wonder, then, that media scolding began with the ultra-leftist *Nation*, a publication committed against capitalism and patriotism in America. By publishing an article called "The Selling of Miss Liberty" last November, it triggered media frenzy by alleging improprieties in the forthcoming celebration. As July 4 neared, more and more mainstream journalists reenacted Eugene McCarthy's apt metaphor of birds joining their companions on a telephone line. A good percentage of the country's respectable commentators were out on that line with the *Nation*, trashing the festivities in advance.

The *New Republic*, vacillating between neoliberalism and neoconservatism, moved left. Editor Michael Kinsley assigned his favorite young hatchetman, Yale University undergraduate Jacob Weisberg, to savage the ceremony with "Gross National Production" in the June 23 issue. "... This July Fourth weekend," Weisberg predicted, "is likely to be remembered as the most revolting display of patriotic glitz and tacky pageantry in the country's history."

Kinsley, promoting Weisberg's article over CNN, elaborated: "I'll tell you what glitz is. What's glitz is 40,000 people being sworn in [as citizens] across the country. . . . It's tasteless." On the weekly talk show "The McLaughlin Group," moderator John McLaughlin introduced a discussion of the controversy this way: "Tacky, tacky, tacky: the gross-me-out Fourth, or no way to treat a lady." Morton Kondracke of *Newsweek* praised McLaughlin for "one of the best lead-ins to a program I've ever seen," then went on to predict "excess" and "overkill."

Roberta Brandes Gratz, writing in *USA Today*, went so far as to say that "a sullied image is indelibly affixed to Miss Liberty's sparkling new looks." She was "sullied" because fund-raiser Lee Iacocca and impresario David Wolper were in charge, instead of the government. The villain is privatization.

Prof. Arthur Schlesinger, theoretician of the New Frontier's left wing, wrote in *New York* magazine that "what ought to have been a grand national occasion, organized by the Republic itself, has turned in private hands into a shaming orgy of commercialism." He claimed the "Reaganite fetish of 'privatization'. . . divests Miss Liberty of her dignity." Columnist Haynes Johnson, writing in the *Washington Post*, sounded the same theme: "I would prefer her [the Statue's] preservation to have been accomplished by the expenditure of public funds instead of the spectacle of private firms coming to her rescue and then cashing in on their good works."

The symbol, harped on by nearly every journalist who wrote about the weekend, was an Elvis Presley look-alike contest. Ill-advised it might have been, but it consumed no more than four minutes of one Wolper-staged gala. I missed that event, so I shall not carry away the sight of 200 Elvis imitators. The memories I do retain are

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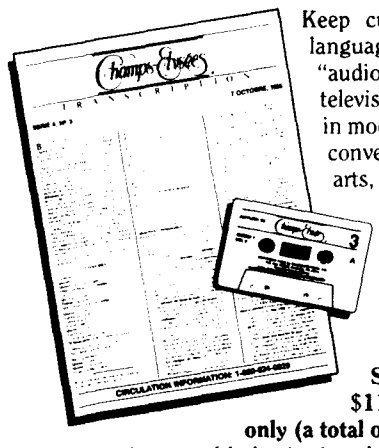

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rich: President Reagan presiding over the relighting of the Statue, accomplished by laser technology; President François Mitterrand concluding his French speech with an English birthday wish for America and the Statue of Liberty; the Vietnamese refugee girl reading her prize-winning essay on liberty; the parade of the tall ships; the magnificent fireworks display.

The two events that most moved me were two that prospectively disturbed Mr. Kinsley (who, predictably, did not attend). The mass swearing-in of the new citizens was a stirring moment for a grandson of immigrants. It also should have been instructive for a nation of immigrants that today, as frequently in the past, flinches at welcoming newcomers to our shores.

The same instruction can be ascribed to the presentation by President Reagan of a "Medal of Liberty" to twelve distinguished Americans of foreign birth. "It's a great American tradition that dates back about two weeks," sneered Kinsley, with special contempt reserved for Bob Hope as a recipient. Hope was there, as were all the others (including Henry Kissinger, Itzhak Perlman, I. M. Pei, James Reston, and Elie Wiesel) except the nonagenarian Irving Berlin. It was tasteful and stirring, as was most of the program.

But the true spirit of Liberty Weekend was felt away from the great warships, the $5,000 seats at Governors Island, and the special treatment for VIP's. It was to be found in the streets of lower Manhattan, shut off from vehicular traffic, where Americans from across the continent strolled, celebrating the rededication of the symbol of their precious liberty.

These Americans had no tickets for special events, but there was no lack of activity for them. The street scene looked a little like the Pamplona festival in Spain I attended a year earlier: food stalls selling a wide variety of ethnic fare, free entertainment on temporary streetcorner stages, beer sold outside taverns at makeshift counters, smiling people wandering through the carless streets, just having a good time. The New York scowl had disappeared for a weekend.

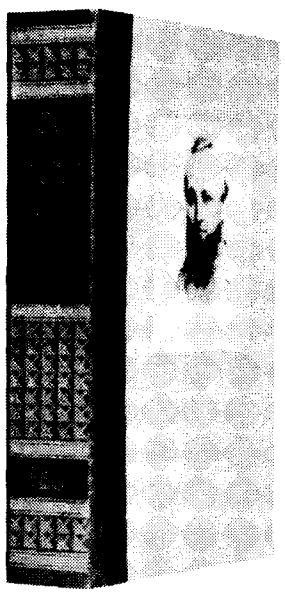
Why would these people, without an unimpeded view of the Statue much less access to the festivities, travel hundreds or thousands of miles to watch over television what they could have seen in their homes? Because of the sense of being there.

The mood was personified by Connie Nichols, a banker's wife from McPherson, Kansas, who was one of the victims of a deranged, saber-wielding Cuban immigrant who ran amuck on the Staten Island ferry in the closing hours of the previously violence-free weekend. Though she suffered minor stomach wounds and her husband was hospitalized with deeper cuts, she told Mayor Ed Koch that the attack, which took two lives, "should not detract from a party you gave for a whole nation."

Liberty Weekend turned out to be so much better than the gloomy predictions of the nay-sayers that I wondered whether some of them might admit error. At least one did. Mort Kondracke, on "The McLaughlin Group" that weekend, said he had been wrong the previous week.

But Kondracke was alone. The critics were in full cry, asserting the events had fulfilled their worst fears. They were unmoved by the mass swearing-in, called "stilted" by *Baltimore Sun* television critic Bill Carter. Having condemned Wolper in advance for tastelessness, *Washington Post* television critic Tom Shales could only ask after the relighting ceremony: "Is good taste incompatible with love of country?" Shales was relentless, summarizing the weekend as "a tasteless trivialization of a treasurable idea."

The gap between the ordinary Amer-



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ican's pride and the media elite's disdain may betray an endemic sourness of spirit among those who try to set the nation's tastes but do not succeed. Not far below the surface, however, can be found political motivations.

After the relighting ceremony, Shales wrote of some people—himself obviously included—"who like to think America is 'about' more than sales figures, merchandising brainstorms and the blowing of one's horn." But after the weekend's windup, he more precisely pinpointed the source of his disaffection. Noting a "high profile" over the weekend for Ronald Reagan, his wife, and his Cabinet, Shales said "this is hardly an administration that is likely to go down as one of the most liberty-loving in history. Perhaps the weekend was conceived as more of a farewell to liberty than a celebration."

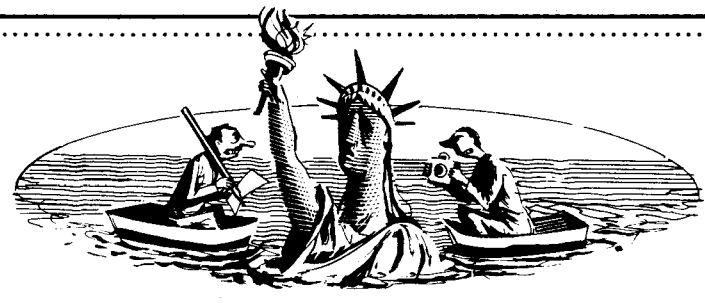
That came close, but it took syndicated columnist Mary McGrory to really make the point—shared but not admitted and perhaps not even perceived by so many colleagues. She compared Liberty Weekend with the Bicentennial celebration of 1976, when Americans were in a chastened mood over Vietnam and Watergate ("We were grateful rather than triumphant"), and found it wanting.

She went through the obligatory ventilation about commercialization, the Elvis Presley look-alikes, the special medals, "Hollywood and Broadway . . . in charge," and the "vulgar pageant" of the new-citizen swearing-in.

But that's not really what makes my good friend Mary angry. It's the transformation of America between the start of the Jimmy Carter years and the six years of Ronald Reagan. She describes what's wrong not only with the Liberty Weekend but with America: "We're complacent, we're standing tall. We've invaded Libya, we're fighting a surrogate war against a little country in Central America. We have measured our muscle against some of the smallest nations on the globe and we have prevailed. It's supposed to make us feel proud—and patriotic."

The spectacle of Liberty Weekend that made Americans feel proud enraged Mary McGrory and a good many other journalists, who are less willing than she to admit ideological motivations but jabber instead about bad taste. In truth, the media assault had lots more to do with Ronald Reagan than with Elvis Presley look-alikes. □

PRESSWATCH



BUMS

by Michael Ledeen

As promised last month, here are just a few of the cases in which the media have helped terrorism:

•In 1974, terrorists seized a courthouse in Washington, D.C. and took hostages. As luck would have it, they kept the hostages in a room that had a two-way mirror in it, permitting the police to see what was going on. But this fact was revealed by the media, and the terrorists had the mirror covered with—fittingly enough—newspapers, thus increasing the hostages' risk.

•On November 22, 1974, a British Airways airplane was hijacked to Cairo airport. In response to the terrorists' demands that their comrades in other countries be freed, an aircraft—which was supposedly carrying the released terrorists—landed in Cairo. But a local radio reporter broadcast a real scoop: There were no terrorists on board, it was a hoax to trick the hijackers. One of the hostages on the BA plane was immediately killed.

•In the September 19, 1977 edition of *Stern* magazine in Germany, it was revealed that the government team negotiating with the Baader-Meinhof Gang for the release of hostage Hans Martin Schleyer, had no intention of releasing the prisoners that the German terrorists were demanding in return for Schleyer. The terrorists then broke off all negotiations with the government, opened a channel to Schleyer's son, and negotiated a ransom of fifteen million dollars. This was announced by the German Press Agency, which even went so far as to report the time and place that the ransom was supposed to be paid. Hundreds of journalists raced to the spot, and of course no transfer of money took place. Four days later Schleyer was dead.

•A San Francisco radio station monitored police frequencies during the Patty Hearst kidnapping, and learned of an impending arrest of three terrorists. This was immediately broadcast; the terrorists heard it and evaded the police trap.

•Following the hijacking of an American airliner in 1972, in which the hijacker parachuted to safety, police planned to place transmitters in parachutes in the future. This was published within two days of implementing the strategy, thus rendering it useless.

•During the Hanafi Muslim occupation of the B'nai B'rith building in Washington, D.C. in 1977, the terrorists were interviewed on radio talk shows. Just at the time that the police were trying to win the confidence of the terrorists to negotiate a peaceful end to the crisis, one of the hosts of a local talk show asked the terrorists, "How can you believe the police?"

•During the TWA hijacking in the summer of 1985, an American television network announced that the "Delta Force" had been sent to the Mediterranean to free the hostages. The terrorists, who had taken the plane to Algiers and had given the authorities until 7 a.m. to meet their demands, took off two hours earlier, thus depriving the governments involved of the possibility of immobilizing the aircraft in Algeria, rather than facing the almost hopeless task of liberating the hostages in Beirut.

One could continue this list at far greater length. And for those interested in the phenomenon, I highly recommend a little-known book, written by two Dutch scholars, Schmid and diGraaf, *Insurgent Terrorism and the Western News Media* (Leiden, 1980). Schmid and diGraaf show, for example, how media coverage of one event serves as an inspiration for others (hijackers of airplanes who asked for parachutes became a near-epidemic at one point, clearly because of the publicity given to the first such cases), how journalists encourage terrorists, and so forth.

Meanwhile, it is discouraging to see that an impressive number of American journalists consider acts by our government to strike back against terrorists as somehow immoral. The *Chicago Tribune* ran a three-part series in May on the American response to Libyan terrorism. It is a model of how *not* to analyze foreign policy. The *Tribune*'s authors (Nicholas Horrock and James O'Shea) began with an account of a public opinion poll taken at the request of the Holloway Commission on terrorism in December 1985 to determine the attitudes of the American public on the matter. Horrock and O'Shea continued:

> Although they couldn't have known it, these ordinary Americans . . . played a key role in setting the Reagan administration's policy on terrorism—a policy that last month sent American aircraft to bomb Libya, a sovereign nation . . . that was not formally at war with the United States.

You get the idea: Reagan bombed poor, innocent Libya—which, after all, hadn't done us the favor of formally declaring war, thereby eliminating all doubt about their role in international terror—because the people interviewed months earlier by the Holloway Commission indicated they'd like firm steps taken against terrorists. One might have hoped that Horrock and O'Shea would point out that terrorism is adopted by countries like Libya precisely because it is an unconventional, low-intensity form of warfare; the countries that engage in terrorism don't want to be openly identified with it, but they do want the results that they gain from it. The *Tribune*'s journalists avoid this matter; they want to portray Reagan as bombing Libya simply because the poll—of which the President was most

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likely blissfully unaware—showed that such a policy would be popular.

But wait—just two paragraphs later comes the journalists' protective shield (the "maybe we didn't really mean it" gambit):

> Whether this poll directed President Reagan in his actions or simply reassured him may never be known, but four months later he would order an attack remarkably along the lines of what the survey said the people wanted.

Nowhere in the three-part series was American policy dealt with seriously. Indeed, the bombing of Tripoli and Benghazi was described (in the May 13 issue) as "a dangerous and unpredictable [sic] escalation in the war of nerves with Khadafy." It wasn't a war of nerves, fellows. Those hundreds of people who died from Libyan-sponsored bombs—as well as those hit by ours—weren't buried because of anxiety attacks.

And of course the coverage of international terrorism remains notable as much for what is *not* covered as for what is. Did you notice that when the President went public with the information that we had intercepted telephone conversations between Tripoli and East Berlin that showed the Libyans' role in the bombing of a West Berlin discotheque, hardly anyone stopped to ask what the Soviet and East German role had been? So far as I know, the only time this matter was raised with the seriousness it deserves was on "This Week with David Brinkley" the Sunday morning after the raid, when former National Security Adviser Brzezinski stressed that it was inconceivable that the East Germans had cooperated with Qaddafi without Soviet approval.

But to say such things might jeopardize the latest version of détente—and even detract from the wonderful spectacle of another summit in 1986. Journalists love to travel and cover summits. So we haven't heard much about the Soviet role in international terrorism. This was left to the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London—not known as a particularly hawkish outfit—in its annual *Strategic Survey*. There we learn that

> a very large body of evidence, drawn from confessions, police investigations and captured documents (not to mention captured weapons), leaves little doubt about the Soviet Union's active support to organizations which practice terrorism as a matter of policy.

Did you find that quoted in your local paper? I didn't, here in the nation's capital. Nor did I see it on television, or hear it on the radio.

• • •

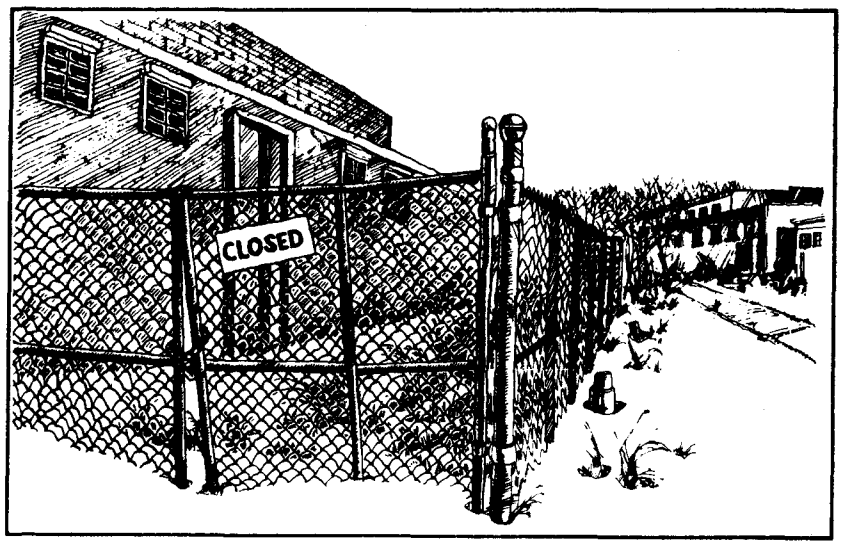
The coveted Bum of the Month Award goes this month to an old friend, the *Washington Post*, for its "correction" of July 3. Here is the full text:

> Author Michael Novak, referred to as one of three conservative Republicans in David S. Broder's column last Sunday, calls himself a conservative Democrat.

The *Post*, as you see, has fully earned its award. Ambassador Novak, a distinguished scholar and diplomat, has been downgraded to simple "author" (so as to drag him down to David Broder's level). Then the *Post*, instead of simply acknowledging Broder's error (by saying, "Novak is in fact a registered Democrat"), throws doubt on Novak's veracity ("he calls himself . . ."). You see, in the universe defined by David Broder and his colleagues, a Democrat is what *they* want it to be (liberal, fashionable, anti-Reagan) and not what Michael Novak is (neoconservative, a high official of the Reagan Administration).

Next month: the silly season is upon us! □

The Debt Penalty



Of all the traditional values which have come under attack in recent years, perhaps none has been more thoroughly subverted than that of saving, of foregoing present consumption in order to provide future benefits. And the results have been disastrous.

Until fairly recently, Americans understood the critical importance of saving. Whether setting aside a portion of the harvest as "seed corn" for the next year's crop, laying-in stores of food for winter, or saving for a home, college, old age, or the unexpected emergency—the wisdom of saving was as deeply ingrained in the American spirit as the work ethic. Together these characteristics fueled the unprecedented economic growth of this country.

Over the past two decades, however, we have saved less and consumed more. For twenty years, personal savings (as a percent of Gross National Product) has been lower in the United States than in any other industrialized nation. The shortage of investment capital has severely retarded the modernization of our industries.

Predictably, growth in productivity has sharply declined, and the consequences have been painful. Where we once took great pride in our self-reliance and productive capacity, we now grow increasingly dependent on cheaper, and some say better, foreign-produced goods.

Our electronics, textile, steel, and automobile industries, once unrivalled, have all lost vast markets to foreign competition. It has been estimated that this decline meant $125 billion in lost production in the 1970's and the loss of more than two million American jobs.

For more than a century, each generation of Americans has enjoyed a standard of economic life *twice as high* as the preceding generation. We have come to take such progress for granted. But now we are faced with the very real possibility that our children will actually have to accept a lower standard of living than we have had.

Someone once remarked that the degree to which a society saves is a measure of its hope in the future. Does this suggest that an America where the credit card is "in" and the savings account is "out" will become before long an America without hope?

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WHAT REAGAN BUILDUP?

by David Trachtenberg

During the 1984 presidential campaign, the Reagan Administration naturally chose to emphasize the successes rather than the shortcomings of its defense program. It was only after the election that the Administration's rhetoric on defense shifted toward a more sober assessment of the U.S.-Soviet military balance. Nevertheless, the damage has been done and the myth of a massive Reagan defense buildup has proved difficult to dislodge.

For starters, consider the area of defense spending, which is the only part of the federal budget determined by *external* factors: the nation's domestic priorities can be set and changed by Americans; the Soviet threat can not. Contrary to common belief, during the Reagan years there's been an overall decline in the growth of U.S. defense budget authority (the amount appropriated for immediate and future disbursement). The largest annual rate of real growth over the past ten years (more than 12 percent) was in fiscal year 1981—the final year of the Carter Administration! Thereafter, with one exception, the rate of real growth in defense budget authority declined—from 11.8 percent in 1982 to 7.6 percent in 1983 and to 4.4 percent in 1984. After an increase to 5.9 percent growth in 1985, fiscal year 1986 budget authority actually declined by 6.2 percent. This is the first time in fifteen years that defense budget authority is lower in absolute terms than in the previous year.

In part, these cuts have come about because of Congress's concern with the size of the federal budget deficit and with reports of Pentagon "waste." The relationship of defense to the deficit, however, is widely misunderstood. As a percentage of the federal budget, defense spending accounts for only one quarter of expenditures—down from one-third in the early 1970s—yet it has absorbed a disproportionate share of spending cuts.

And while tales of Pentagon procurement "horror stories" have fostered a belief that much of the money spent on defense is wasted, of greater importance to U.S. security is the less publicized fact that more efficient production rates have reduced the unit costs of weapons systems. Some of these systems actually cost less today in real terms than they did four or five years ago. The annual growth rate in the cost of major weapons systems fell from 14 percent in 1980 to less than 1 percent in 1984. Nevertheless, Americans seem to be more familiar with stories of over-priced hammers than with the fact that the B-1B bomber is being delivered on schedule and *under budget*.

A sound defense cannot be obtained "on the cheap," yet just over 6 percent of the nation's economic output goes for defense, hardly a disproportionate share. (An estimated 15-17 percent of Soviet GNP goes to military purposes.) While the Reagan Administration has been accused of favoring strategic over conventional forces, the percentage of defense resources allocated to strategic forces has changed little since the Carter Administration—less than 15 percent of the defense budget, another fact that is not widely known.

Moreover, most Americans erroneously think that the United States spends several times as much on nuclear forces as on non-nuclear forces, and they are unaware that in the past ten years the Soviets have outspent the United States on strategic forces by a margin greater than three to one. Significantly, the Soviets spend only about 10 percent of their military budget on personnel costs. The rest goes for weapons, equipment, and facilities. The United States, by contrast, spends almost half of its defense budget on personnel. This is one reason why Soviet military production levels far exceed U.S. levels.

In the critical area of military investments (spending on research and development, procurement, and military construction), the Soviets have outspent the United States by some $500 billion since 1970. It is the cumulative effect of this gap in investment which has led to the major military imbalances that grow more critical every year.

The most striking deficiency of the Administration's defense program has been its inability to restore the strategic nuclear balance. This is the fulcrum on which all other military power rests—a fact the Soviets have consistently recognized.

To its credit, the Administration is seeking to modernize all components of U.S. strategic nuclear forces. The

David Trachtenberg is senior defense analyst of the Committee on the Present Danger.

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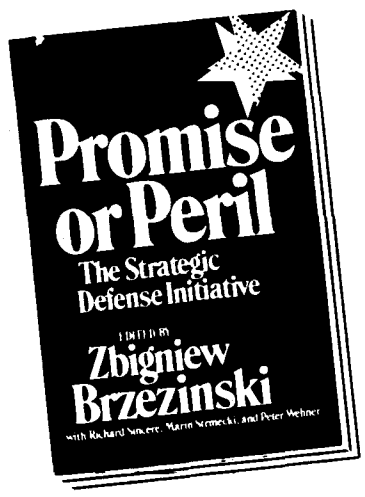

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problem is that most of these improvements are years—and in critical cases, many years—from fruition. In the meantime, little emphasis has been placed on reducing existing U.S. strategic force vulnerabilities—particularly ICBM vulnerability.

Today, the increasing accuracy of Soviet ICBMs has left U.S. ICBMs dangerously open to a Soviet strike. The Air Force has repeatedly told Congress that "using a small portion of their ICBM force, the Soviets could destroy most of our current ICBMs in a first-strike." Secretary Weinberger has said that at least 95 percent of U.S. ICBMs are vulnerable to Soviet attack. Such an attack would leave the United States with an inaccurate sea-based force incapable of retaliating against Soviet missile forces held in reserve, and a greatly diminished bomber force unable to retaliate promptly and unlikely to penetrate the extensive Soviet air defense network.

How ironic that an administration which entered office proclaiming that a remedy to the ICBM vulnerability problem was its most urgent strategic priority has now ruled out the only near-term options for accomplishing that task—more survivable basing and a vigorous strategic defense program. The MX ICBM, originally designed to be mobile and therefore more survivable than current U.S. Minuteman ICBMs, is now being deployed in the same fixed Minuteman silos the Administration admits are already vulnerable to Soviet attack. Although the technology for hardening silos to protect them against nuclear blast effects appears promising, there are no plans to harden any of the silos that will house the fifty MX missiles whose deployment has recently begun. This will leave the MX missile force just as vulnerable to attack as the current Minuteman missiles the MX is designed to replace, while presenting the Soviets with a greater incentive to strike first in a crisis.

Existing technology makes it possible to deploy a timely and effective ballistic missile defense of U.S. ICBMs—unlike the current Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) which focuses on exotic technologies that are many years, if not decades, from realization. Such a deployment, however, would violate the ABM treaty, something the Administration has not yet decided to do (even though it protests that the Soviets have already done so).

Eventual deployment of a more survivable Midgetman missile is uncertain because of the Administration's lukewarm support of the program. Some argue that the Midgetman will be too costly to build and too difficult to deploy, or that it will be too difficult to verify under an arms control agreement. Others believe it will undercut the Administration's push for another fifty MX missiles, even though Congress is unlikely to appropriate funds for additional MX deployment. The latest U.S. arms control proposal, which calls for a ban on all mobile ICBMs, inspires little confidence that mobile missiles will ever be deployed by the United States. By offering to give up the Midgetman, the Administration has clearly indicated it would rather not spend limited resources on this program. Congress may agree.

But the problem again is that in strategic systems, as elsewhere, the United States has not kept pace with Soviet efforts. While the United States debates the merits of fifty MX missiles, the Soviets complement their already huge ICBM force by deploying modern SS-24 and SS-25 missiles. The CIA has reportedly concluded that Soviet ICBM production over the next five years will "increase substantially," compared with the last five years.

To date, the United States has deployed only seven Trident submarines. Although the Tridents carry more missiles than the older Poseidon submarines, they do not offset the greater number of U.S. launch platforms removed from service in recent years. To make way for the newest Trident last year, the United States dismantled a Poseidon submarine in order to comply with the unratified SALT II treaty, which the Soviets are violating. And in May the President ordered two more Poseidons dismantled (although he declared his intention to add to U.S. strategic forces later this year "without dismantling additional U.S. systems as compensation under the terms of the SALT II Treaty").

In intercontinental bombers a once-heralded U.S. advantage has now disappeared. The Soviets today possess some 450 bombers compared with 327 for the United States. The planned procurement of U.S. air-launched cruise missiles has been cut by more than half, while work continues on an advanced cruise missile for future deployment. The limited deployment of cruise missiles on B-52 bombers, begun in 1982, does not reduce the vulnerability of those bombers to Soviet attack since most are deployed too close to U.S. coasts and only a small fraction are on stand-by alert.

Recent figures indicate that the Soviets continue to outproduce the United States in every major category of strategic systems. For example, last year alone the Soviets produced 100 ICBMs, compared with none for the U.S.; 100 SLBMs, compared with our 75; and 50 bombers, compared with only two for the United States. In addition, the latest intelligence estimate jointly presented to Congress by the CIA and the Defense Intelligence Agency notes that over the past ten years, "Soviet strategic forces received roughly 3,500 ICBMs and SLBMs, three times as much as the United States procured." These trends can be expected to continue, even if the Administration's defense request had been approved by Congress.

The balance in European-based nuclear forces has also continued to shift in the Soviets' favor. The eventual deployment of 108 U.S. Pershing II ballistic missiles and 464 ground-launched cruise missiles (GLCMs) is more than offset by already deployed Soviet SS-20 missiles, carrying more than 2,000 warheads, and the reduction in other U.S. European-based systems. The United States continues to phase out older tactical nuclear weapons from the NATO stockpile. Approximately 1,400 U.S. nuclear weapons are to be withdrawn from Europe by 1989, bringing the NATO stockpile of warheads down to its lowest level in twenty years. The United States is withdrawing five warheads for every Pershing II and GLCM warhead deployed in Europe.

Against these reductions, Soviet shorter-range nuclear weapons targeted against Western Europe have grown in number and accuracy. A fraction of Soviet SS-21, SS-22, and SS-23 ballistic missiles are capable of destroying almost every one of NATO's critical military installations. Estimates show the Soviets now enjoy at least a six-to-one advantage in shorter-range tactical ballistic missile launchers deployed in Europe.

The greatest gains in U.S. deterrent strength over the past five years have come in the area of conventional forces. Force readiness has improved, the quality of enlistees is up, and the replacement of older equipment with

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newer, more sophisticated systems is continuing. By most assessments, the conventional war-fighting capability of the U.S. armed forces is better today than five years ago. In any conflict, however, the U.S. forces of today will not be fighting the U.S. forces of five years ago. They will be fighting Soviet forces, which have also modernized extensively. From 1980 to 1984, the Soviets deployed about 80 new weapons systems—twice the number deployed by the United States. In the face of a determined Soviet effort, U.S. improvements remain inadequate to make up for almost two decades of neglect.

Given the unexpected qualitative improvements to Soviet conventional forces, the U.S. deterrent capability in Europe is declining. According to recent Army testimony, the U.S. modernization program has been matched by a Soviet program that has "moved more aggressively than any of our estimates predicted. They have increased their numerical advantage more than expected and, more alarming, have reduced and, in some cases, reversed the qualitative advantage we held. . . . By many of the measures which we have used to compare our forces, we have indeed lost ground."

In conventional forces, the United States continues to be outproduced in many critical areas. A comparison of weapons systems produced in 1985 shows the following:

	U.S.	U.S.S.R.
Fixed-Wing Combat Aircraft	320	700
Rotary-Wing Aircraft	235	550
Attack Helicopters	50	250
Other Military Helicopters	185	300
Tanks	1,375	2,700
Other Armored Vehicles	1,700	3,500
Infantry Combat Vehicles	655	2,500
Artillery, Mortars, Rocket Launchers	330	4,100
Anti-Aircraft Artillery	25	100
Major Surface Combatants	8	8
Amphibious Ships	2	2
Attack Submarines	3	6

U.S. budgetary constraints threaten not only to halt progress in improving our military capability but also to overturn some of the gains made in the last few years. Cuts in the defense budget will in all probability affect the readiness and capability of U.S. conventional forces first.

Other nations look to the United States to counterbalance the growth of Soviet military power. If the United States fails to exercise this responsibility, there is no other nation, or coalition of nations, that is capable of filling the void. A defense program that will not halt the unfavorable trends in the U.S.-Soviet military balance, let alone reverse them, is not a defense program. □

EMINENTOES

THE BIG APPLE'S NOMENKLATURA

by William Tucker

Every spring New York City publishes "The Green Book," an official directory of city personnel. This year publication had to be delayed two months. So many city officials were being indicted and suspended that the book was already out of date.

New York is once again deep in a game of—ho-hum—political scandal. Here is the scoreboard as of mid-July:

•Queens Borough President Donald Manes killed himself in March, less than a month before a federal grand jury charged that he and Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman had engineered a huge scam in which $5 million was to be raked out of contracts awarded by the city's Parking Violations Bureau. Friedman and six others are now awaiting trial.

•On the day that Friedman was indicted, state and federal officials raided HYFIN—"Help Your Friend in Need"—a Brooklyn credit union accused of mismanaging its $83 million in assets. Although completely private, HYFIN had developed incestuous ties with the City Taxi and Limousine Commission, which licenses New York's 11,800 cabs. While accepting large deposits from cab companies, HYFIN had made unreported loans of $244,000 to Commissioner Jay Turoff and $71,000 to former deputy commissioner Robert Mackesak. Turoff resigned and the city government quickly folded HYFIN into its own municipal credit union.

•Victor Botnick, protégé of Mayor Edward Koch, was forced out as chairman of the board of the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation (HHC) after it was revealed he had lied about having a college degree. The newspapers had started checking Botnick's credentials after he got into a fistfight with Barry Liebowitz, head of the Doctor's Council, the union of city-employed doctors.

Even while Botnick was bowing out, John McLaughlin, HHC's former $105,000-a-year president, was going on trial for allegedly extracting $150,000 in bribes from Nu-Med, a California management firm, in exchange for a contract to direct Harlem Hospital. McLaughlin is also charged with bilking $250,000 from New Mexico heiress Ann Maytag while administering her trust fund, using Maytag's money to cover up the kickback. Botnick is being investigated for shaking a $5,000 campaign contribution for Mayor Koch out of Nu-Med.

•Bess Myerson, the 1945 Miss America and now the city's commissioner of cultural affairs, is under investigation after family court judge Hortense Gabel drastically reduced the alimony payments for Myerson's long-time companion, Carl Capasso, a big-time city contractor. Capasso's wife, Nancy, named Myerson as the "other woman" in her divorce suit. A month before Judge Gabel changed the terms of the settlement, Myerson hired her daughter as a personal aide.

•Michael Lazar, the city's former transportation commissioner, has left a trail of scandal all over New York City. He has been indicted in the Manes-Friedman case. He was also part-owner of the decaying Candler building on West 41st Street, home of the Taxi and Limousine Commission, when it miraculously escaped condemnation by the city-run Times Square Redevelopment Project. Lazar's group bought the building for $1.3 million in 1980 and sold it in 1985 for $14 million.

•Bronx Congressman Mario Biaggi, Bronx Democratic chairman Stanley Simon, and Brooklyn Democratic Chairman Meade Esposito—and indeed the whole Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn Democratic organizations—are all being investigated by federal grand juries for a variety of schemes. Simon has also been named in a civil suit charging he gave a city-owned Bronx property to a politically connected firm that used it for an open-air concrete-recycling operation. Dust from the site has nearly closed down a neighboring Coca-Cola plant and forced Shopwell, Inc., a private supermarket chain, to move its warehouses to New Jersey, costing the Bronx 1,000 jobs.

•John Manfredi, Philip Collela, and Rocco De Nigris, an area manager and two general inspectors with the City Board of Education, have been indicted for collecting several hundred thousand dollars in kickbacks over nine years on contracts for maintenance and repairs in the public schools. Brooklyn D.A. Elizabeth Holtzman has stated that at least one-third of all

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school inspectors appear to be on the take. A few contractors complained to the Board of Education several years ago, but ended up addressing people who were in on the scheme.

So what will New Yorkers do in the face of this stupefying level of corruption? Will there be a wave of "reform"—a campaign to "throw the rascals out," like the ones that brought Theodore Roosevelt to prominence in the 1890s or toppled Carmine DeSapio in the 1960s? Don't bet on it. The Republicans haven't gained even an inch of ground from the political scandals. In fact the party itself seems on the verge of a statewide debacle, in danger of losing both the State Senate and Assembly for the first time since 1935. As Ken Auletta, a columnist for the *Daily News*, puts it, there are really only two parties left in New York City—the Democrats and the prosecutors.

New Yorkers now pay 9.8 percent of their income to the city alone in taxes. They pay the highest tax rates in the nation to support a government that does everything from running a municipal radio station to providing subsidized housing for Broadway stars. Politicians in other cities may be just as corrupt, even more so. But in New York there are just so many more opportunities to get your hands into the till.

Consider the Health and Hospitals Corporation, whose officials fall regularly into disgrace. HHC is a quasi-independent, government-funded corporation whose $2 billion budget would rank it 182 in the Fortune 500. HHC operates sixteen hospitals, five nursing homes, and forty outpatient clinics. By contrast, Cook County Hospital—Chicago's only municipal hospital—has a budget of $240 million.

New York City simply tries to do more than any other city. For example, it has 175,000 units of federal and state public housing—more than the next ten cities on the list combined. New York City's taxi industry is so tightly regulated that cab medallions now go for $100,000. The city has fewer than 12,000 cabs serving 7 million people, while Washington, D.C., with an unregulated market, has 10,000 cabs serving 675,000 people. Bess Myerson's Cultural Affairs Department has a budget of $132 million, second only to the federal government's arts program.

The lesson for New Yorkers is that the big money lies in and around the government. Outsiders tend to be fooled by Wall Street. They think of New York as the nerve-center of international capitalism—which, of course, it is. But Wall Street, the advertising, publishing, and banking industries, are only exotic islands of free enterprise in a sea of municipal socialism. Those islands continue to erode. A Fortune 500 company abandons New York about every six months. New businesses are leaving even faster, or not forming at all. Now that master-builder Sam LeFrak has moved to Jersey City, he may yet lure Wall Street across the Hudson. Meanwhile Donald Trump—who wants to anchor the television industry in New York by building a huge "Television City" on the Upper West Side—is paraded around almost daily as "the man New Yorkers love to hate." Just recently Trump offered to rebuild the Wollman Ice Rink in Central Park in six months for $3 million, a job that the city goverment has been unable to complete in six years while spending $12 million. Editorialists and cartoonists have berated Trump for "trying to name the rink after himself."

As a result of this outright public hatred for private enterprise, New York City's economy is slowly cutting the whole state adrift from the national scene. The Reagan Revolution has passed right over New York without creating a ripple. Unemployment remains higher than the national average and much higher than in neighboring states. Job creation in New York has been only 60 percent of the national

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average, and two-thirds of the new jobs have been with the city or state governments. Governor Mario Cuomo may soon have a $350 million tax surplus, and the Municipal Assistance Corporation (Big MAC), which oversees New York City's finances, has just turned over $1.6 billion in revenues to the city government. Yet the state has managed only a 1 percent tax reduction in the top brackets, and New York City is trying to raise taxes.

Hungarian writer Ferenc Koszeg noted recently that the people of his country have essentially entered into an unwritten compact with the government in which they agree to give up cultural and social rights in exchange for the promise of a higher standard of living. In fact, as Anatoly Shcharansky recently noted, socialist populations often "feel self-respect only by belonging to a big system." There is a joke in Russia which says, "We must be living in the richest country in the world. All of us have been stealing from the government all this time and we still haven't gotten to the bottom."

In New York the unwritten contract works slightly differently. No one gives up his civil and cultural rights—God forbid! New Yorkers are pathological about their civil liberties. But property rights are a different matter. New Yorkers are more than willing to give up free enterprise and let the government run everything in exchange—once again—for the *promise* of a better livelihood. As for corruption, well, that's just the price you pay for being saved from private enterprise and an unregulated market. In New York the joke seems to be, "We must be the richest city in the world. The politicians have been stealing all these years and they still haven't gotten to the bottom." □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

NEWPORT LANDINGS

by Joe Mysak

When we die, if we are good, we will go to Newport. The quaint, historical, and picturesque town is devoted to two things: sailing and drinking. And since 1983, when the nefarious Australians made off with the America's Cup, the emphasis has been on the latter.

Well do I remember the first trip there, "for the races," which consisted of peering off a dock to the horizon for five minutes vainly searching for signs of life, and then adjourning for six hours to the friendly Dockside Saloon on Thames Street, now unfortunately closed for renovation. Of course, all the really tony places were jammed, and the barnlike Dockside was the only bar that would have us, ruffians from Boston here "for the races," which, it turned out, had been cancelled.

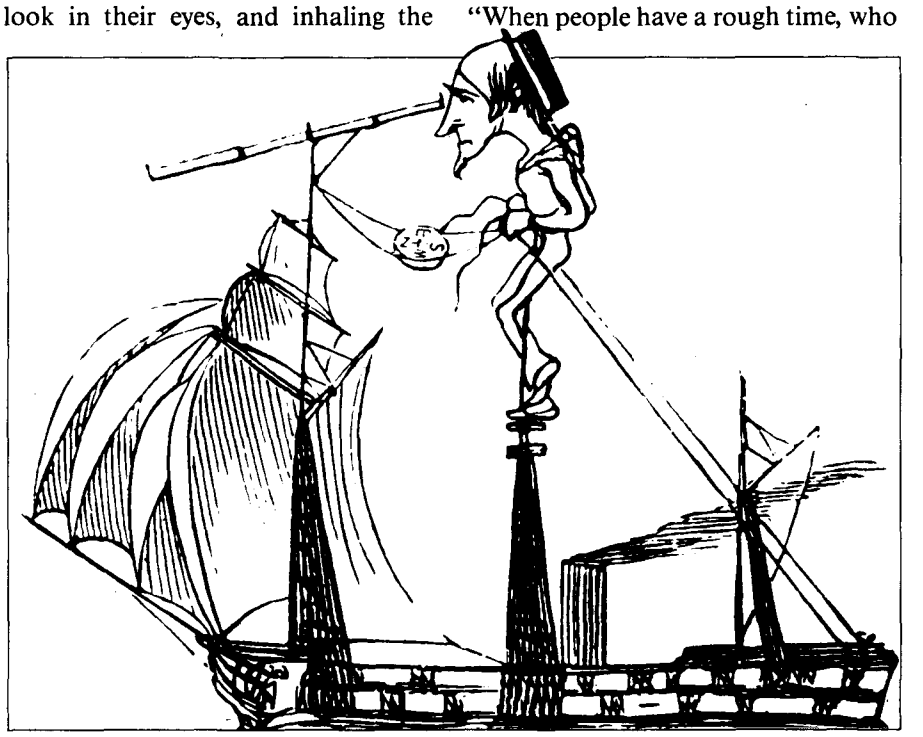
"Right. Well, step aside and let the big dogs drink," we bellowed, and had at the supply of Rolling Rock. The Dockside was doing a perversely conspicuous business in the Australian Foster's Lager, thick as yeast and served in oil cans, but we were all good Yanks and did not bite, oblivious to more than a century of allegedly unsportsmanlike conduct by the New York Yacht Club.

We have made many landings, amphibious and otherwise, in Newport since then, for the attractions of the place are numerous. To be sure, it is the land of the $2.50 beer; and the bartenders in resort areas rarely if ever say, "Good luck, men." It is also chock-a-block with a few genuine and many fraudulent sailors, all of whose bar chat, which is loud, windy, and full of spinnakers, tacking, money, and lies, could send even a placid hippo into a rage. But it is also the land of cool ocean breezes, several genuinely comfortable saloons fitted out in understated nautical style, and thousands of blonde angels. The mixture is irresistible.

It may not be without peril, but as Theodore Roosevelt once said, "All men who feel any power of joy in battle know what it is like when the wolf rises in the heart." And another old salt recalled, "One waterfront bar had a band with three saxophones in it, and you've never felt the sap rise until you've sucked down fifteen Molsons while listening to dueling saxes, watching drunk underage girls get that feral look in their eyes, and inhaling the Atlantic all the while." Newport, as I say, is a town of many attractions.

For the drinking man, nothing can beat the massive pints of Bass Ale on tap at The Ark, located on Thames Street and arguably the top spot in Newport. The Ark has everything you need: loud and tedious sailors and their even worse wives, deadly sailing films on the bar's televisions, those big glass buckets of Bass, or Coor's, or the ubiquitous Budweiser, very fair bar chow (perfect for those on the high-sodium diet), and bar stools built for big dogs out for the long drive.

The Ark will do very nicely indeed, although it has been known to send more than one of the troops into bouts of melancholy, fit only for consideration of the Rusty Staub statement, "When people have a rough time, who really gives a damn? The worst thing that happens when you have problems is to feel sorry for yourself. All you do is bore everybody around you," and the Dr. Johnson observation that all histories are narratives of misery.



Such is the hazard of sitting in a rather too-bright bar and watching what one writer called "the pretty and privileged leading perfect lives." Such depression, however, is worn like a hat, and may be doffed at will—and is. If you really want to look correct—and another of Newport's great advantages is its informality—forget the brooding map; you can't go wrong with something in khaki or kelly green.

"Of course. But it seems to me that we've been getting more and more around here like *that*," observed the eminent Scoliard, social consultant and Rhode Island investment banker, gesturing toward two bumptious Golden Agers proceeding like ships of state across the street, he a vision in Haband and Sam Snead golf hat, she packed into the classic turquoise pantsuit and silver shoes. "Very depressing. They must be busing them in from New Jersey," the arbiter said. The Garden State is much maligned, but I had to agree that they were not Newporters. Of course, I recognized them as Somebody's Parents, in this case a distinct form of grotesque, but one that I could not view without a modicum of sentiment.

You can avoid Mr. and Mrs. America if you eschew the tours of The Breakers, the rococo Vanderbilt beach house, and Hammersmith Farm, where

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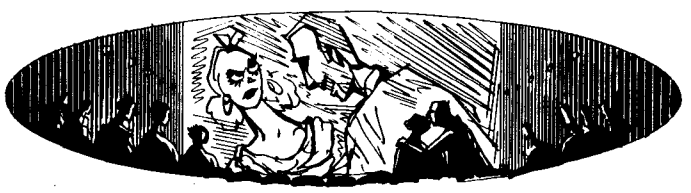
Jackie and JFK spent time. If you do insist on getting out before nightfall, say, after lunch, trudge up to the Newport Book Store on Bellevue Avenue, where a recent tour turned up a September 1963 *Esquire*, a first edition of William Shirer's *Berlin Diary*, and a first paperback edition of Ladislas Farago's *Patton*, the lot liberated for under seven dollars.

When night falls, the Smart Set heads over to the Black Pearl on Bannister's Wharf for dinner, stopping at the bar for pre-game cocktails and an explanation from the bartender with bristling red moustaches of why he, a 34-year-old man, remains at work in a resort area, when logic might dictate that he move on. This is a signal to proceed to dinner, starting with the chowder and clams casino, then on through the beef "torpedoes" (as one of our party has dubbed them), and finishing up with the leaden chocolate mousse, which settles the stomach into a molten mass. Successful drinkers, like professional skiers, know that adequate preparation of the base is all, and the Black Pearl has never disappointed. Then again, perhaps only the fare served aboard the Bounty would disappoint me.

The main show is right next door: The Candy Store, which includes a restaurant, a couple of bars, including one overlooking the harbor, and a basement disco. The bar on the ground floor is presided over by the diminutive "Five-O," a man of infinite and inscrutable wisdom, and a Rutger Hauer lookalike, both of whom whip up extremely tasty Bloody Marys. With just the right timing, you can bring down the bar with the famed quotation, "Hi Curt Gowdy, this is everybody," a three-run homer in any saloon, and well worth the $1.75 you paid for this magazine.

The angels congregate to The Candy Store, and are attentive to all tales, ranging from "I'm working on my municipal bond novel, *Yield to Maturity*," to "I'm first mate on the Mary Deare." The Candy Store is full of sweets. There are less innocent and rewarding ways to spend time. □

THE TALKIES



LUV STORIES

by Bruce Bawer

At the beginning of *Letter to Brezhnev* two young Soviet sailors stand expectantly at the railing of a ship entering port, like Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly in *On the Town*. "Liverpool!" one of them exclaims; "Beatles!" the other replies, demonstrating, apparently, that young Soviet sailors are like young people everywhere. We cut to a seedy working-class neighborhood of Liverpool, where young Elaine (Alexandra Pigg) and Teresa (Margi Clarke) decide to forget their troubles and get happy for an evening. And do they have troubles: sexy, streetwise Teresa holds down a dismal factory job stuffing chickens; sweet, stolid Elaine is unemployed, a victim of Britain's crumbling economy.

Though they can't afford it, the girls take a taxi downtown, sharing a joint with the driver; Teresa's original plan is to stiff him, but she ends up paying the fare (plus tip) because "he's one of us." Which is more than can be said for the pair of well-heeled gents who, in the first pub the girls step into, crudely offer to rent them for the night. Teresa takes revenge for this insult by lifting the bigger one's wallet—thus proving herself a proud, clever, and gutsy foot soldier in the British class war (not to mention providing the motivation for a brief chase scene).

But the story doesn't really get underway till our young ladies hit a flashy dance club. There Elaine and Peter (played by the pallid Peter Firth), one of those two Soviet sailors, lock eyes across a crowded room and fall in love. They meet, they dance, they wander the grimy streets and neck, they gaze up at the stars and deliver some astoundingly corny dialogue. And they have a conversation whose purpose is patently to suggest that the girls' negative image of Soviet life is wholly the result of ignorance and insidious Western propaganda. When Peter, for example, announces that he's from a warm, sunny resort town on the Black Sea, the girls protest: Isn't Russia *cold*? Not all of it, Peter informs them; it has many different climates, "not like here." When they ask about Soviet food shortages, Peter explains patiently that there *are* no shortages; if there are long lines at the stores, it's because the men in charge of distribution are idiots. (Peter, for his part, is surprised by Elaine's unemployment; he observes that in the Soviet Union, if you don't work, you don't eat. Elaine, who's on the dole, replies that "it works that way here too.")

The four end up at a hotel. Teresa and the bearlike Sergei (Alfred Molina), who speaks no English and whom Teresa calls "Eye-gor," have a lusty time of it; but Elaine and her bright, sensitive Peter (who seems to understand the Liverpudlian brogue much better than I do) spend the night jawing about life and stuff. By the time the next evening rolls around—and the men have to rejoin their ship and head back out to sea—Elaine and Peter have cornily declared their mutual ardor. (Peter: "We will be together again." Elaine: "When, Peter, when?" Peter: "I'll always love you, you know.") Screenwriter Frank Clarke doesn't miss a cliché.

During the weeks after Peter's departure Elaine tries to forget him. She attends a party, but the crude English lads there want only one thing from her; she realizes that all she wants is to escape from this dismal, loveless corner of the world and marry Peter. When her letters to the proper authorities don't result in permission to do so, she does what we are apparently meant to see as a gutsy thing: she pens an obsequious plea to the late Uncle Leonid.

The missive does the trick. The Kremlin bosses permit the marriage and invite Elaine to Mother Russia. Elaine becomes a local celebrity. But everybody in town (except Teresa) is against the marriage: her classic foulmouthed English working-class movie witch of a mother, her horrible Commie-hating friends, a grotesquely cruel reporter who harasses her about being a Red, and an improbably slimy Foreign Office chap who tries to convince her that Peter already has a wife. They all keep yammering at her that if she goes to Russia she'll be sacrificing her freedom. You've got to be prepared, the Foreign Office chap tells her, "to give up *everything*." Her reply: "I haven't got anything to give up." Elaine, you see, is savvy enough to recognize this "freedom" jazz for what it is: a dastardly fiction designed to keep nice English girls and nice Soviet boys from getting to know and trust and love each other.

For all the message-mongering, of course, *Letter to Brezhnev* is really nothing more than an old-fashioned fourth-rate love story with a twist—girl meets Red, girl loses Red, girl wins Red. Directed by Chris Bernard, it's packed with not only verbal but visual clichés: a newspaper headline spinning into focus, lovers gazing up at a phony-looking skyful of stars. And it's got more than its share of dubious plot developments. Would a British girl really have so much trouble trying to get into the Soviet Union to marry a sailor? Would the Liverpool papers carry it on the front page, if at all?

Bruce Bawer, a regular contributor to the New Criterion, *is* The American Spectator*'s movie critic.*

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Would a Foreign Office chap actually try to convince her that the young man was already married—considering that the Soviets, presumably aware of the boy's marital status, had already permitted the wedding?

Probably not; but then this is not a realistic film (the graphic *mise en scène* notwithstanding) but a romance. And it's a romance in more ways than one. For it's yet another document in the history of the Western left's long-distance romance with the Soviet Union—or, rather, with some vaguely and rosily conceived *idea* of the Soviet Union. If the love story in this film recalls countless banal tearjerkers of the thirties, its view of Russia is astoundingly reminiscent of the blinkered perceptions of American and British Communists during that same decade.

My Beautiful Laundrette is also set in the English slums—London this time—and is likewise concerned with England's faltering economy, with the moral crisis of her working classes, and with a love affair between two young people who are supposed to hate each other. Like *Brezhnev*, it has a grainy, inexpensive look (were both originally shot in 16mm?) and is heavy on grim urban atmosphere. But that's where the similarities end. For *Laundrette* is far more imaginative and sensible, more honestly and delicately felt, than *Brezhnev*. The author (Hanif Kureishi) and director (Stephen Frears) are out not to present a simpleminded argument upon a theme they know little or nothing about, but rather to explore perceptively and dispassionately a milieu they obviously know very well.

The film's protagonist is Omar (Gordon Warnecke), a sweet and gentle young second-generation Anglo-Pakistani who lives in a gloomy flat with his poor, ill journalist father. The old man, who has strong (mostly socialist) opinions, wants Omar to go to college and become a journalist, a leader of his people. Omar, however, chooses instead to work for his wealthy wheeler-dealer of an uncle (Saeed Jaffrey), and soon develops into a canny small-time entrepreneur, graduating from a job washing cars in the uncle's underground parking garage to the managership of his rundown laundrette.

At the same time Omar renews a childhood friendship with a tough Anglo punk named Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis), from whom he has been estranged for years because his father once glimpsed Johnny at an anti-Pakistani rally. Before long the young men are not only friends but lovers, a development that the film treats matter-of-factly. (Interestingly, though there isn't a line of "romantic" dialogue between them, their love is a good deal more convincing than the soppily proclaimed *amour* of Elaine and Peter in *Brezhnev*.) They also become business partners, and together the two of them turn the laundrette into an elegantly hip, almost surrealistically glitzy establishment.

Laundrette has many virtues: wit, intelligence, perceptiveness, an exquisite tone, a well-paced narrative, a gallery of vivid and variegated characters, an excellent ensemble of players. But perhaps the movie's greatest strength lies in its unpolemical yet *engagé* approach to virtually everything it touches. It is plainly the product of a sophisticated moral sensibility, of a mind (or a pair of compatible minds) too fine to be easily violated by a mere idea. The film thus refrains from drawing facile comparisons of value between Omar's homosexuality and his uncle's heterosexuality, between his father's stubborn socialism and his uncle's fanatical capitalism, between Omar's devotion to the Western way of life and his aunt's obstinate loyalty to Pakistani folkways, or between the conflicting claims and grievances of the Anglo-Pakistanis and the lower-class natives. The film's goal, remarkably, is not to score points for this or that side but to understand and illuminate the human condition in all its motley manifestations, and to discover the pathos and humor—and humanity—that proliferate on every front. The only side it takes, indeed, is that of family and friendship—and, most of all, love, of whatever variety—against hatred and factionalism and violence.

This is not to suggest that Kureishi and Frears shrink from an honest examination of working-class despair and racial tension in contemporary England. They don't. But neither do they wallow in nihilism or depict Britain (à la *Brezhnev*) as a place fit only to escape from. On the contrary, they have made a life-affirming film that touchingly and persuasively proclaims the potency of affection, kindness, and hope, a film that celebrates the modest triumphs which bring meaning and even a sort of magic to ordinary lives. The film begins with an image of death—an elevated train rattling past the apartment where Omar and his father live, and where Omar's mother, we learn, recently committed suicide by throwing herself on the tracks—and concludes with an image of life: Omar and Johnny playfully splashing water on each other, cleansing bloody wounds. It's a lovely image, the perfect ending to a wondrously original and affecting film. □

The founder and editor-in-chief of *The American Spectator* examines what he believes are the frequently incoherent, often infantile (and nearly always dangerous) ideas of the New Age Liberals in **The Liberal Crack-Up.**

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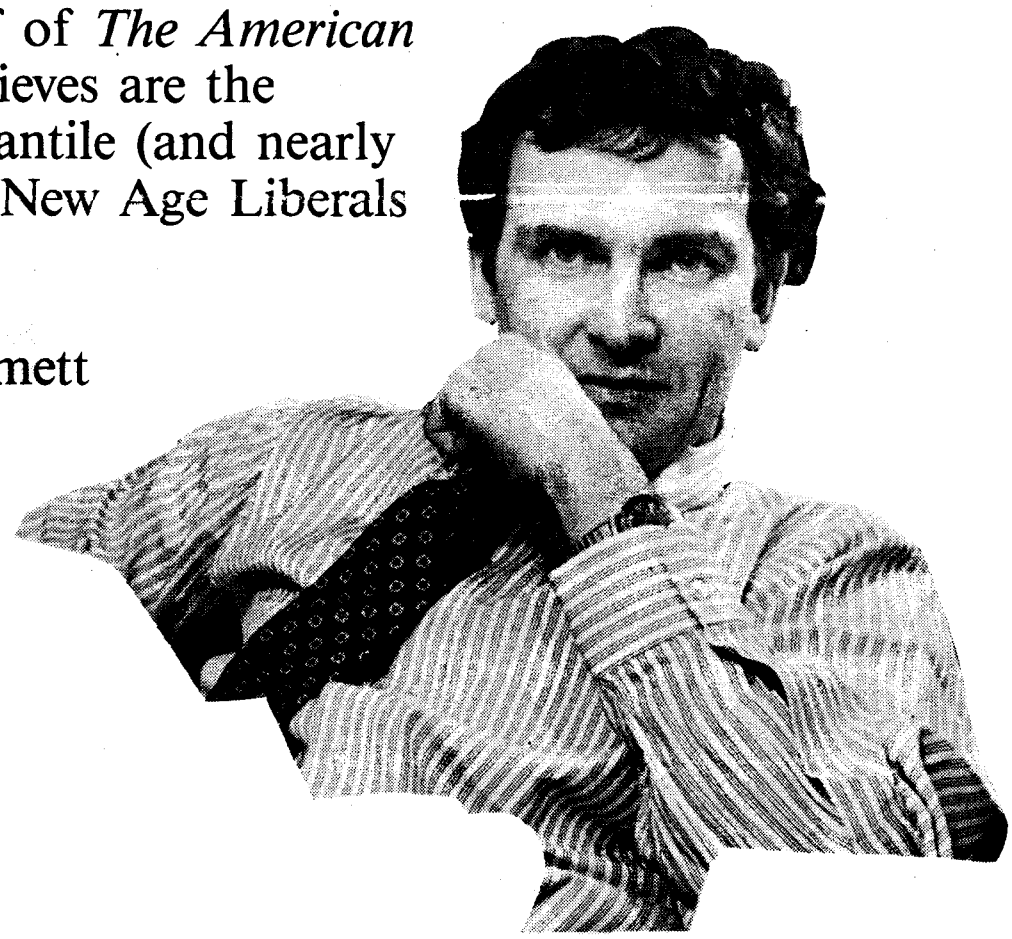

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE RISE OF THE COUNTER-ESTABLISHMENT: FROM CONSERVATIVE IDEOLOGY TO POLITICAL POWER

Sidney Blumenthal/Times Books/$19.95

Penn Kemble

Sidney Blumenthal is the jaundiced eye through which the *Washington Post* views the politics and culture of the New Right, the neoconservatives, and those it believes are the "objective" allies of these distasteful usurpers. My colleagues and I at Prodemca—many of us Democrats who had the presumption to favor aid to the Nicaraguan resistance—have been a regular object of his attentions. I accepted the offer to review his new book with the expectation that it might explain whatever broader perspective underlies his animadversions. I am still confused.

The Rise of the Counter-Establishment includes some useful research and has some stretches of lively writing. It presents a series of intellectual portraits of conservative and neoconservative thinkers, especially those who have shaped economic debate during the Reagan era—Jude Wanniski, David Stockman, Milton Friedman, Irving Kristol. It also treats figures such as Norman Podhoretz and William Buckley, whose efforts have centered on foreign policy and politics. It is, however, badly compromised by Blumenthal's inability to resist catty, ad hominem thrusts which overwhelm his intellectual and journalistic judgment. Over and over he transforms offhand remarks or trivial incidents (which, despite his sporadic footnotes, are obviously based at best on hearsay) into events of momentous significance.

This book takes great relish in the intellectual contradictions that can be found in the pro-Reagan camp—contradictions that conservatives themselves have addressed in quite open ways. It notes how the zest for tax cuts and go-go entrepreneurialism of Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, and Irving Kristol conflicts with the born-again fiscal conservatism of David Stockman; how Milton Friedman's hostility to big government is challenged by the massive defense buildup advocated by the hardliners of the Committee on the Present Danger; how the Protestant right's call for a return to straight and narrow morality jars the unbuttoned-down, me-first yuppies of Wall Street and Silicon Valley. It argues that Ronald Reagan has overcome these contradictions with a shameless optimism and appeals to America's sense of national destiny, and that a network of foundations, think-tanks, and propagandists is now in place—the counter-establishment—that will strive to sustain this mystical synthesis when the President leaves office.

It is not clear, however, whether Blumenthal really fears this prospect, or merely finds it contemptible. His scornful style works against his efforts to make the reader take his subject matter very seriously. His polemical stance is not unlike that of our recent British "entryists"—Alexander Cockburn, Christopher Hitchens—who appeal to the readers of the *Nation* and the *Village Voice* with a mixture of high Tory snobbery and Leninist scorn for the ungainly workings of democracy.

Blumenthal is dismissive of the neoconservatives: "a motley collection of exiles, ex-communists and nostalgists . . ." It is also evident that, although they make only a cameo appearance in this book, he has a similar contempt for what could be called the mainstream elements of the Democratic party: the Democrats who nominated and campaigned for Walter Mondale in 1984. (He describes them as "catatonic" centrists whose policies reeked of "fiscal gloom and intellectual exhaustion.") But what Blumenthal seems most to despise is the American tendency toward a politics that embodies elements of faith. He worries that the new conservative counter-establishment will exploit this popular weakness to seize American politics in an enduring grip of irrationality and myth: an ideological dementia where anti-Communism, religious fanaticism, and crackpot economic theories all hazily commingle.

This effort at conservative myth-making is explicitly compared to the liberals' prolonged exploitation of the epic of the Great Depression and the triumph of FDR over Herbert Hoover. Ronald Reagan, like Roosevelt, is a purveyor of dreams. Roosevelt raised himself up on his crutches to declare that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Reagan has raised conservatism out of its sectarian feuds and isolation by insisting that "all we need to have is faith, and that dream will come true."

Yet the personalities and the intellectual propositions of the new conservative counter-establishment, as Blumenthal portrays them, are so far-out and far-fetched that they seem bound to self-destruct. That is, of course, unless one believes that you can delude most of the people most of the time—an undemocratic premise that Blumenthal might be reluctant to acknowledge. But Blumenthal's explanation of the victory of Ronald Reagan and the rise of the conservative counter-establishment cannot stand without just such a cynical premise. Even if one should grant that the new conservatives are a gang of cranks and mercenaries, in two successive elections Ronald Reagan won substantial electoral majorities. If Blumenthal is right in his contention that the voters simply succumbed to snake oil salesmanship—and in his fear that they will do so in the future—then one has to conclude that the voters themselves are contemptibly gullible.

There is, however, another explanation for the rightward trend in presidential voting and in popular political opinion—and for the rise of the new conservative ideologists—that Blumenthal curiously neglects. It is at once less demoniacal and less scornful toward our democracy. It affords a much firmer explanation for the intellectual realignment that has taken place than the lure of the long-neglected writings of Whittaker Chambers and Milton Friedman. It played as great a part in the resurgence of ideological politics in the United States as *National Review* and the Goldwater campaign. This is, of course, the rise of the New Left in the

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1960s and 1970s—a movement that attained greater force in the universities, the media, and cultural affairs than anything yet attained by the conservative counter-establishment.[1]

The theories of supply-side economics which Blumenthal so attentively explores were far too recondite and problematic to have achieved much vogue had not the Democratic competition fallen into abject defeatism: the zero-sum, no-growth economics of Carter's last days. Supply-side philosophers, to be sure, hoped that their ascendency marked a departure from liberal concerns about redistribution and equality. More likely, it simply reflected a longing for a return to some form of the economics of hope. "Get America moving again," as John F. Kennedy once said—and we can sort the benefits out later.

One can pretty well match the "themes" once promoted by the New Left to the issues where the New Right and neoconservatives achieved their greatest moral and intellectual victories: quotas, accommodation to Communism, the exculpation of criminals, the celebration of self-gratification, the renunciation of personal responsibility, the disdain for economic effort. Blumenthal scores some easy points in his treatment of the shortcomings of the new conservatism's answers to these afflictions. But his account of recent political history steps over the late sixties and seventies—an intellectual elision which moves directly from the movement of Bill Buckley and Barry Goldwater in the late 1950s to the rise of *Commentary* magazine and the neoconservatives in the mid-1970s. What is missing is what was decisive: the transformation of liberalism and the Democratic party during the heyday of Stokely Carmichael, Tom Hayden, and eventually George McGovern and Jesse Jackson.

Because Blumenthal cannot bring himself to turn a critical eye on the movements that transformed the Democratic party during the McGovern era, he is left with an explanation for the rise of Ronald Reagan and the new conservatism that endows them with mysterious powers. His assessment is not unlike the homey metaphor used by Congresswoman Pat Schroeder: Reagan's is the "teflon" presidency. Those who resort to this explanation wonder why Reagan isn't assailed for having failed to reduce the trade deficit, for the loss of Marines in Beirut, or for other lapses that would shake a "normal" presidency. A less esoteric but also less comforting explanation might be that Reagan reflects the dominant values of American civilization, while many of his most ardent opponents do not. So long as many Democrats allow themselves to be cast as challengers to those values—instead of offering more effective ways to serve them—the public will stay with Ronald Reagan and his successors.

Blumenthal's political history owes a great deal to the left, which treats any sober appraisal of the effects of our New Left and New Politics movements as just another form of McCarthyism. One expects, therefore, a conclusion to this book which summons the reader to rally again to the familiar forces of progress. But this, surprisingly, is not the case. In the end, *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment* finds itself in the predicament of that species of albatross called the gooney bird. It has soared, it has swooped, it has skittered playfully along the waves. The trouble is, it can't land. It is all wings and no body. It lacks the strength at the center to coordinate its reach. When it has come down somewhere, it glides in and, suddenly—flop!

To the extent that Blumenthal holds out any response to the new conservatives, he seems to favor—hold your breath—the traditional Republicans. He wistfully explains that "traditional Republicans, who compose their fair share of the groups excoriated by conservatives, do not think as populists. They believe in institutions, including big ones, which they often run. They have faith in established procedures, disdain plebiscites, and are suspicious of passionate social movements. They do not believe that the market can or should be populated only by Adam Smith's pin factories. They see modern corporations as part of a world of large institutions protected by laws."

In his early pages Blumenthal was scandalized by CEOs who have lavished money on such institutions of the counter-establishment as the American Enterprise Institute and the Institute for Educational Affairs. At the end he turns plaintively toward "GOP traditionalists whose bastion is the Senate caucus and whose leader is Robert Dole. These Republicans still frequently find a natural sympathy in the old familiar places—the great law and accounting firms; the investment banking houses; the corner offices of corporate executives who still pride themselves on their 'responsibility.'"

Could it be that the *Washington Post*'s hit man is now actually a candidate for one of Bob Tyrrell's soirées with Richard Nixon? That a writer who owes his start to *In These Times* ("the Independent Socialist Newspaper" published by the Institute for Public Affairs) is now the vanguard of his own tendency of neo-neoconservatism? That last season's admirer of Gary Hart is now inching toward Bob Dole's dressing-room door? Those with dark imaginations may find in Blumenthal's importunances toward the old financial and Republican establishment some evidence of the protean capabilities of the left. (Has Arbatov decided that détente Republicanism is now the only alternative to the Reagan Doctrine?) More likely, Blumenthal was possessed by a rancor for the new conservatism, and by a welter of research, but was reluctant to ground his book on the failed left-liberalism of the Democratic party. As a result, he comes down clumsily, and in a most unlikely place. The least one can say is that a writer who is so confused about his own basic political outlook should be less judgmental toward others who are testing new ideas and new alliances.

It is hard to imagine that the Republican party will renounce the conservative counter-establishment, or the ideals and faith that it has so successfully exploited. Mainstream Democrats—not traditional Republicans—offer a far greater potential for relieving our political life of the polarization and ideological extremism that have strained it in recent decades. Only mainstream Democrats, working within their own party, can overcome the leftist provocations that so divided the country, and that stirred the New Right toward its surprising victories.

But whether Democrats or Republicans lead, it is inconceivable that our popular democracy will ever renounce the American faith—the faith that has so profited Ronald Reagan, and that Blumenthal finds so dangerous and so contemptible. The future of American politics still lies with the most persuasive champions of that faith. □

[1]The impact of the left on the Democratic party has an extensive literature, yet it still fails to have standing in the eyes of some participants in our political conversation. Its chronicles include Alonzo Hamby's *Liberalism and Its Challengers*, Norman Podhoretz's *Breaking Ranks*, and R. Emmett Tyrrell's *The Liberal Crack-Up*.

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AMERICA'S HEALTH CARE REVOLUTION: WHO LIVES? WHO DIES? WHO PAYS?

Joseph A. Califano, Jr./Random House/$17.95

Stephen Chapman

Joseph Califano, Jr. is one of the rare architects of the Great Society who has learned something from its failures. From trying to figure out what went wrong, he has acquired some understanding of the value of the market and the malignant effects of government programs. Coming from someone who has served as Lyndon Johnson's special assistant for domestic affairs and as Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, this book, the product of Califano's partial disenchantment, carries the weight of authority. But *America's Health Care Revolution* raises hopes only to prove sorely disappointing in the end.

Stephen Chapman is a syndicated columnist for the Chicago Tribune.

In tackling the broad issue of American health care, Califano can't be accused of timidity. Other social programs, like welfare, education, nutrition, and Social Security, get more attention, but none presents more frustrating dilemmas: how to protect the poor without bankrupting the rest of us; how to allocate limited supplies of medical goods and services, including life-saving technology and even human organs; how to reconcile the physician's impulse to do everything possible to help the patient with the obligation of someone to pay for it.

The book is useful in several respects. It serves as a concise layman's guide to a subject of growing importance. In 1965, spending on medical care took 6.1 percent of the nation's total income; today it soaks up more than 10 percent. Califano gamely tries to acquaint the reader with most of the essential topics: government programs, private health insurance, the supply and training of doctors, emerging technology, hospitals and nursing homes, the relationship between personal habits and health. Second, it provides some useful history of government involvement, from the regulation of doctors to the creation of Medicare and Medicaid. Told in 1964 that getting his cherished Medicare bill approved by the key Senate committee would require spending an extra half a billion dollars, President Johnson snorted, "Five hundred million. Is that all? Move that damn bill out now, before we lose it." Of such nonchalance is disaster made. Within two years, thanks largely to the new federal role, the nation's health care costs were speeding out of control.

The most illuminating part is Califano's account of his effort to contain health care costs at Chrysler, a task he was given by Lee Iacocca in 1981. Over forty years, the combination of a strong union, minimal foreign competition, and federal tax breaks had produced a lavish potpourri of medical benefits. Care was free to employees—they had to pay neither a deductible nor any percentage of their bills. Eyeglasses, prescription drugs, and hearing aids also cost them nothing. Most of the coverage applied not only to employees but to retirees as well. At one point in 1982, notes Califano, "Chrysler was paying health care expenses for 107,000 retirees and individuals who had been laid off, when it had only 61,000 active workers on its payroll." Local physicians, who were reimbursed for whatever they chose to charge, practically had a key to the Chrysler vault. The results were not surprising. Costs had reached $300 million a year by the time Califano arrived, with the total expected to reach $460 million by 1984. A typical hospital maternity stay lasted 3.8 days for Chrysler beneficiaries, compared with less than two days for new mothers at hospitals in southern California. Some podiatrists had taken advantage of Chrysler's lax approach to get rich, through unnecessary operations and inventive ploys like working on only one toe per visit. Through some rudimentary measures—requiring second opinions for surgery, scrutinizing hospital admissions, using health maintenance organizations for dental care—Chrysler cut its projected 1984 health care bill by nearly 13 percent. The contract signed with the UAW in 1985 provided for additional economies.

Califano also does a workmanlike job of tracing the effects of government policies. The greatest of these is the huge increase in the demand for medical care, which can be ascribed to federal and state programs that pay hospital and doctor bills and to the tax-free status of employer-provided health insurance. Besides boosting prices, these policies led to excessive treatment. From 60 to 80 percent of the patients who undergo coronary bypass surgery gain no increase in life span, Califano claims. But, lured by lucrative returns, surgeons perform 200,000 of these operations every year—four times as many per capita as in West Germany, twice as many as in Canada and Australia.

So what to do? The old Califano probably would have called for federal monitoring of heart surgery. The new Califano places his hopes in the pressures on employers and insurers to reduce costs. Companies that require a second opinion before approving operations have reduced surgery rates by 20 percent. And, Califano notes, most large commercial insurers have adopted the idea. He also welcomes HMOs, which generally can provide care for less than the old fee-for-service arrangement. He quotes an American Medical Association official who says these are "the toughest times for doctors" in American history. "He's right," says Califano, without a trace of sympathy. "And they're likely to get tougher."

Elsewhere, the author is less sure of his prescription. The elderly present a particularly vexing dilemma. Medicare's long-term costs far exceed its expected revenues. Much of its spending doesn't save the dying, but merely postpones death for a few weeks or months. So sooner or later the federal government will have to consider rationing care—refusing to pay for certain treatments for certain patients, as Britain's national health service already does. Overt triage is not an appetizing option. But while Califano spends a lot of time pointing out the

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ethical questions to be faced, he provides few answers. The best he can do is to insist that "we have the resources, if we apply them effectively, to keep government in its place, to make fewer hard choices necessary, and to concentrate our collective wisdom on those choices we truly cannot avoid." This is about as helpful as a placebo.

His indecision is out of character. Elsewhere, when Califano stops analyzing and starts proposing, he reverts to type, spewing out proposals for government action like grass cuttings out of a lawnmower: Employers should be required to provide health insurance. Medical students should get no federal aid unless they agree to spend two or three years in a federal doctor corps, working in places where doctors are scarce. Medical schools should be forced to teach more about addiction, the prevention of disease, and geriatric care. Elementary and secondary schools should make health education "as compulsory as reading and mathematics." Ads for beer and wine should be banned from television, and print ads for alcohol or tobacco should be forbidden to use pictures of people. Besides flaunting an obnoxious hostility toward individual choice, Califano acts as if government programs have no costs or unintended consequences, only benefits.

As he knows from history and personal experience, and as the reader knows from the preceding chapters, this is not the case. If Califano ever thinks as hard and as carefully about remedies as he has about causes, he would be a valuable source of guidance. As it is, he resembles a doctor who uses every advanced diagnostic gadget to find out what is wrong with his patient, and then tries to cure him by applying leeches. □

A LESSER LIFE: THE MYTH OF WOMEN'S LIBERATION IN AMERICA
Sylvia Ann Hewlett/William Morrow/$17.95

Brigitte Berger

"American women are locked into a no-win situation"; "they and their children are in bad shape"; and the women's liberation movement is to be blamed for the sorry state of affairs. Sylvia Ann Hewlett reaches this grim verdict in her widely hailed *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America*, which like other similar exposés of American social life is a mixture of truths, superficial analysis, and plain ignorance passing for scholarship and erudition. Hewlett argues that although the 1970s constituted the decade of liberation for a lucky few, the vast majority of women "were left behind to cope with deteriorating economic and social realities." American women, she contends, are "long on image and short on substance." While "in some important ways the women's liberation movement has managed to reconstruct the language and the consciousness of the nation . . . the fact remains that they have not made a dent in the wage gap, and many are increasingly unable to reconcile motherhood with their professional aspirations."

The difficulties and frustrations the British-born author encountered in academia while trying to raise two children considerably shook her faith in the grandiose claims of the American women's movement. Her unsavory and unexpected experiences as a young faculty member of the economics department at Barnard—a women's college to boot—led her to discover what has been evident to ordinary Americans for quite some time: American feminists, preoccupied with the female body, sexuality, language-policing, and gender politics, have been scandalously antagonistic to women whose values include children and family.

Hewlett's tribulations in this academic center of feminism showed her that the passionately waged battles of "ERA politics" are marginal, if not irrelevant, to the great majority of American citizens. European women, in contrast, "got it right when they decided to push not only for equal rights in the sphere of work but also for social benefits to ease the family responsibilities of working women." American women lacked publicly designed, delivered, and, of course, financed family support such as prenatal and child care, job-protected maternity leaves, a national family allowance, and a federally determined wage system that pegs women's work at "comparable worth" to that of men. In consequence they find themselves "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

Considering the thrust and scope of Hewlett's argument, it would be a serious mistake to understand *A Lesser Life* primarily as an outspoken and long-overdue indictment of the American women's movement. The catchy title of the book and its anti-feminist rhetoric merely serve to conceal Hewlett's real purpose: to attack the "backward and barbaric" social policies under which American women are forced to labor and live, and replace them with a national family policy modeled on Sweden's. As vice-president for economic studies at the Economic Policy Council of the United Nations Association, aided by a star-studded study panel—R. O. Anderson (Atlantic Richfield), Douglas A. Fraser (UAW), Henry Kaufman (Salomon Brothers), Gerald Ford, Alice Ilchman (Sarah Lawrence), and other luminaries—generously financed by both the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations, and spiritually guided by movement celebrity Betty Friedan as well as family advocates Sheila Kamerman and Lenore Weitzman, Sylvia Ann Hewlett has succeeded in constructing a strategic platform to this end.

When writing from her own experiences, Hewlett displays a good deal of common sense and offers some refreshing comments on the fads and foibles of child-rearing and supermomism invented by legions of experts and the media. There are even signs that (perhaps under Lenore Weitzman's intelligent influence) she has begun to understand a few things about the paradoxes of political action: *vide* her perceptive analysis of measures designed to benefit women—such as no-fault divorce—that have backfired and ultimately work to the advantage of men. Moreover, many of her arguments against the Equal Rights Amendment and her plea for "special rights" for women are well taken and return

Brigitte Berger is professor of sociology at Wellesley College.

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women's issues full circle to the debates of an earlier, and saner, period in American history. Much of what she has to say about the shortcomings of the American women's liberation movement is not so novel, of course. Others such as Midge Decter, Jean Elshtain, George Gilder, and Allan Carlson have made similar observations regarding feminist frenzy and irresponsibility. But Decter et al. did so with more refined reasoning and with their anthropological, historical, and philosophical foundations securely in place.

As is to be expected, Hewlett shares the conventional contempt for Reaganites and the New Right. There are no indications that she has bothered to reach out of the charmed circle of new-class literature on women, and truly acquaint herself and her study panel with family issues and their implications for society. Her analysis of American family life remains on the surface only. But even superficially, *A Lesser Life* reveals the same deplorable class bias and historical ignorance of the feminist politics it purports to debunk. What is one to do with analyses that declare the domesticity and "cult of motherhood" of the 1950s a deplorable aberration in Western history; or with the contention that the "male rebellion" (?) of the "hollow men" during that period was caused by the material demands and oppressiveness of family life?

When all is said and done, Hewlett's book is yet another attempt to subsume the pervasive and persistent pro-family values held by most people under the statist principles of liberal politics. Because of a profound reluctance to apprehend the fundamental complexities of a pluralistic society, the book's policy suggestions are unable to add anything new to those of (for example) Kenneth Keniston and the Carnegie Council on Children, or Alfred Kahn and Sheila Kamerman's recurrent proposals.

What is new, however, is the book's political potential. By redefining the core agenda of the collapsing women's movement, Hewlett may give feminism a new lease on life. A quote from one of her recent *New York Times* op-ed pieces supplies some premonitions: "As for abortion, we simply have to widen the pro-choice agenda. Let us demonstrate on the streets and fight for the benefits needed to do a better job for the children we choose to have. Let us march in Washington for prenatal care, maternity benefits, job-protected parental leave and high-quality child care."

Let there be no mistake: *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America* is an important book. While it is unlikely that it will live up to its publisher's heady expectations (to "change the way in which we live," no less), the book has the makings of providing much needed planks for the Democratic party platform, if only because it has the appearance of something new; it seems to lure American feminism back from the wilder shores of madness, where much of it has been moored for all these years.

The emerging platform, however, offers little solace for those who care for the family for its own sake, not as fodder for liberal strategists. By now it should be evident to anyone who has eyes to see that the Swedish model of the modern welfare state, which continues to inform Hewlett's great vision of a good society, is thoroughly obsolete. If the Democratic party cannot divorce itself from this vision, it will increasingly become a minority party. Some leading Democrats are beginning to realize this. The Republicans, for their part, have shown themselves singularly unable to present a credible alternative vision for social policy. They may find out to their regret that latching on to the fury of the pro-life movement is not a responsible substitute for a coherent policy of American family life. □

ORAL ROBERTS: AN AMERICAN LIFE

David Edwin Harrell, Jr./Indiana University Press/$16.95

Kent Owen

Charlatan, liar, hypocrite, fraud, false prophet, con-man, blasphemer, huckster. Any man who has had to endure such abuse for forty years is, to say the least, tough. To be vilified by the likes of the American Medical Association, the American Bar Association, the National Council of Churches, the American Civil Liberties Union, "60 Minutes," and other guardians of the common good should be proof that the victim is, if not a saint, perhaps a latter-day Job.

The trouble with Oral Roberts is he persists in saying God tells him what to do. The Rev. Mr. Roberts is hardly the first to make that claim, or to say Jesus has appeared to him. Still it does come as an affront to those who feel themselves better qualified to merit the privilege because of purity of character and goodness of works. What in the world should the Lord of Hosts have to do with a bumptious Anglo-Cherokee-Welsh Okie, a high-school dropout, the child of dirt-poor Pentecostal preachers?

The question is neither rhetorical nor impious. In the modern age it shocks the worldly to discover anyone whose passionate purpose is to obey the will of God. Such unyielding belief is especially disturbing to conventional churchmen who have learned to adjust themselves and their faith to the profane standards of modernity. But even for those who declare themselves indifferent to religion, unless it bears on moral issues (as it is prone to do), America's evangelists offend their sensibilities. The usual offenses charged by churchmen against the preachers are cheapening, coarsening, and vulgarizing the Gospels. Presumably the same transgressions committed by their free church forbears against the perfection of Holy Mother Church or High Anglicanism. One begins to suspect that the harshest criticism comes, both among Christians and beyond the pale, because of differences in class, tastes, and manners.

But in the case of Roberts what may, indeed must, set him apart is less the cultural background of his ministry than the fervor of his Pentecostalism and the relentlessness of his mission. Among Protestant sects, Pentecostals are often sniffed at as "holy rollers" because of their ostensibly spiritual seizures; speaking in tongues, glossolalia, is the best-known manifestation, going back to the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles on Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter and the fiftieth day after Passover. It is this baptism by fire that divinely seals the true believer in his faith, making him feel immediately the working of God's power. In recent years the Roman Catholic Church has produced a counterpart in its charismatic movement, which celebrates the palpable presence of the Holy Spirit in similar ways. In fact, pentecostalism as a pan-Christian phenomenon is spreading rapidly in North and South America as well as in Africa and parts of Asia, notably Korea.

The dodgy thing is to distinguish the saints and the prophets from the idol-mongers and the demagogues. That task has not been eased by the invasive force of television, now incessantly thrusting religiosity wherever electric current courses. Perhaps more than anyone else, Oral Roberts can be blamed for that. He is in his way as much a pioneer of the medium as Milton Berle, Edward R. Murrow, Ed Sullivan, or John Cameron Swayze. But among his brethren in religious broadcasting he lacks the urbane graciousness of the late Fulton Sheen or the compelling intensity of Billy Graham. What Roberts brings to his preaching is a rough-hewn manliness, blunt, knotty, horny-handed. More like Peter, the man of the people, than Paul, the man of the world, he takes command as God's straw-boss, giving orders, setting matters straight, bracing workers to the task. The lapses in grammar, the herky-jerky gestures, the vaguely menacing set of his dark, leathery features, all serve to stress the patriarchal force of his presence. It is the presence of a country man, not softened by city ways, holding in check a temper that could mean trouble.

If Roberts were but one more television evangelist, he would deserve little more than passing notice. What makes him stand apart is the vision he is driven to fulfill: creation of a university and medical center instinct with the Holy Spirit, but second to none in academic and professional capabilities. That he has brought the institutions into being is a fact; whether he can sustain the pentecostal gift amid the importunities of the various academic sects is far from certain. Accreditation standards and procedures are as rigorous as John Calvin's theology and less lenient. Moreover, Roberts has had to contend with a phalanx of critics and outright opponents who question the righteousness of his motives and methods.

Perhaps those who distrust Roberts are less annoyed by his free-form Christianity than by his talent for business organization. His biographer, David Edwin Harrell, Jr., professor of history at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, appends the subtitle, "An American Life," to the book, and the additional emphasis suggests much more than the obvious. Apart from Roberts's worldly success, there is the American feat of building an empire of sorts out of unlikely materials. Starting with tent revivals in rural Oklahoma, Roberts's ministry quickly outgrew small-town pastorates, extending beyond the limits of his denomination

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through radio and television across America and, eventually, through barnstorming campaigns to Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australia.

All the while Roberts was shrewdly drawing to him a cadre of fellow workers to build and run what he had created: magazines, radio and television productions, movies, and a direct-mail operation that may have given Richard Viguerie ideas. Mr. Harrell describes carefully the development of the Roberts organization, providing almost everything but spreadsheets and flow-charts. At some point Oral Roberts the individual became Oral Roberts the corporation, surely one of the more remarkable instances of self-aggrandizement. As Max Weber proved beyond cavil, the Protestant Ethic mates well with free enterprise. It is evident that the disciplined conviction underlying much of business success is akin to the mind-set of Roberts and his co-workers. If such elements of character can direct the inner-workings of capitalism, why can't the rational procedures of enterprise—accounting, marketing, advertising, planning, and so forth—be put to use in a religious organization? And, of course, they have been for centuries, whether with the connivance of Italian bankers, German merchants, British traders, or American industrialists.

What may balk the scrupulous is whether the efficient practices of business have taken on a life of their own and, in doing so, diminished or even corrupted the spiritual purposes of religion. Has success spoiled Oral Roberts? Has his organization grown so large and "profit-conscious" that its very success violates the spirit for which it was founded? Mr. Harrell seems unwilling to make that judgment, perhaps because he seems in awe of Roberts the individual and Roberts the corporation. This is not to suggest that he has failed to exercise his professional skills as a historian; those are apparent, as are his sources and methods. Given Roberts's run-ins with the media and his skittishness about having them poke and sniff around, it is understandable that Mr. Harrell has had to prove himself trustworthy and responsible, according to whatever standards Roberts saw fit to impose. One of the biography's strengths is privileged access, but this may have been gained at the cost of a certain objectivity. To be sure, Roberts isn't given a whitewash, and the controversies that have beset him aren't dismissed as so many contretemps, hardly worth bringing up.

Put another way, one is tempted to say that Mr. Harrell is too Christian in his interpretation. There is a readiness to forgive, even before Roberts's actions are explained. Christian faith need be no bar to candor, as the words of Jesus show. But there is, nevertheless, a principled predisposition to go beyond giving one's human subject, any human subject, the benefit of the doubt. For the good Christian it is a matter of mercy, and in a world lousy with rancor and suspicion its presence is precious. Whether Mr. Harrell is in fact a Christian is, of course, beside the point. What is at issue is whether his book makes allowances for Oral Roberts that are unwarranted.

Even so, the fact that a major university press has published a serious work on a contemporary American religious figure deserves attention. For all the popular tracts written by Robert Schuller, Norman Vincent Peale, Pat Robertson, and similar Christian celebrities, there have been few recent scholarly works that examine the spiritual dimensions of American experience in a way comparable to, say, recent studies of social dislocation, urban poverty, defense strategies, medical ethics, abortion, euthanasia, fiscal and monetary policy, or supply-side economics.

Against this background of (un)studied disdain, the presence of an

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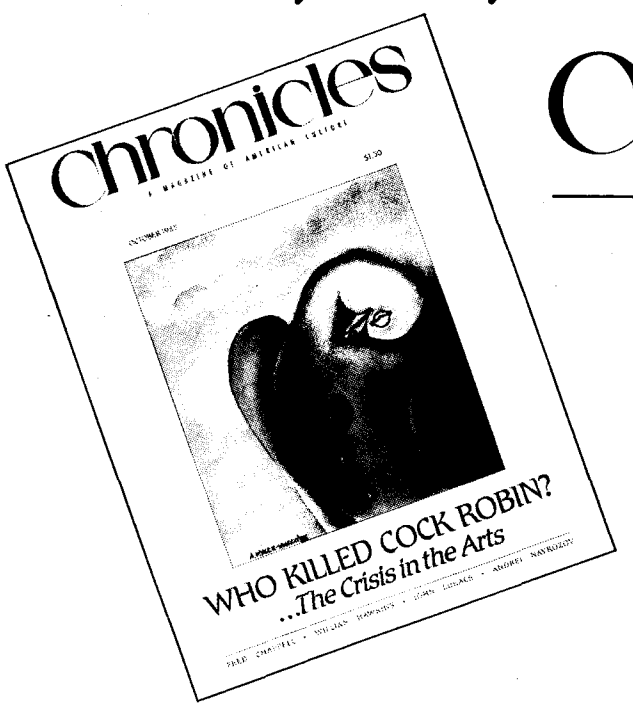

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Oral Roberts and the growing appeal of pentecostalism are likely to be ignored by those who fancy themselves enlightened. According to Admiral Stansfield Turner's admission, the CIA analyzed everything about Iran except the convictions of Shia Muslims, which were taken to be of little account. The American intelligentsia, especially in academe, can scarcely bear to consider that religion is desperately vital to millions of people, no less so in the United States. If the epithet, secular humanist, reveals any real shame, it is that those so stigmatized are mired down in a dispirited worldliness that prevents them from respecting either God or man, what Bunyan called "the Slough of Despond."

Unlike most of his television brethren, Roberts has rarely involved himself in politics. During the early fifties he got in a few licks against the Reds, but since then has kept quiet about partisan issues or ideological conflicts. Presumably, this has made him less interesting to commentators who find preachers arresting only when using religion as a pretext for political assaults. Indeed, populism has been powered as much by religious passions as by social grievances, whether among the German Anabaptists, the English Levellers, the Democrats of William Jennings Bryan, or the socialists of Eugene V. Debs and Norman Thomas. But with Roberts, the impetus of faith does not drive believers here and now to replace the City of Man with the City of God; rather it moves the individual to concern himself above all with his own salvation. This, if you will, is orthodox fundamentalism, consistent with the reaction against liberal Protestantism's social gospel during the early years of the twentieth century.

It is ironic that latterday fundamentalists should re-enter the sinful world with a vengeance, casting aside their forefathers' warnings about the shallowness and sterility of secular involvement. Pentecostals, in the main, have continued to keep their distance, confident their lives are more "Christ-centered" because they resist such distractions. This has not, however, prevented Roberts from engaging sympathizers in "blessing-pacts," which "promise" material as well as spiritual rewards to those who invest in his works. Fundamentalism contains a tradition of sacrificial giving that exceeds the tithes ordinary Protestants are asked to make to their churches. With this readiness to give already an obligation it is not hard to understand how the Roberts organization can raise millions of dollars from hundreds of thousands. Another powerful appeal may be that, apart from whatever satisfaction investors derive from supporting good works, they are also able to identify with the success of Oral Roberts University, the City of Faith hospital and medical center, and all the other agencies of Roberts's mission, even the victories of the ORU basketball team (a matter of no little concern to the reverend founder). Thus, no matter how obscure and downtrodden the individual lives of Roberts's "partners" may be, they are magnified to great power by his successes and, as such, bring comfort and joy.

In the end, though, it must be on spiritual terms that Roberts should be measured. Has his doing of God's will, as he is given to understand it, advanced or retarded the spirituality of those who accept his message? Has he enlarged the spiritual dimension of American life through the institutions he founded and developed? Has he been true to the Holy Spirit in his life and ministry? Or have his endeavors been merely the willful and arbitrary expression of compulsive egotism? Mr. Harrell is perhaps wise to decline to make such judgments, not only because the life of Roberts has yet to run its course, but because these are matters that exceed the competence of professional historians, even one so meticulous as Mr. Harrell. □

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Ernest Hemingway/Charles Scribner's Sons/$18.95

George Sim Johnston

After finishing the latest work of an acclaimed living novelist, which is filled with sentences like "Great silly Quaalude tears like Disney raindrops were rolling down her cheeks," I opened the "new" Hemingway novel with a sigh of relief. Even if *The Garden of Eden* turned out to be a bad novel, I could count on it being written in English and not some dialect of the media. When Papa's women cry, there are no cartoon captions, just tears, falling straight and true. Hemingway wrote from direct experience and made discoveries about the use of language—or, more precisely, moved deeper into territory already discovered by writers as diverse as Mark Twain and Ronald Firbank—which made him the most influential prose writer of the twentieth century.

But his case is complicated. No writer ever worked so close to self-parody even when he was at his best; at his worst, he would have had difficulty making it to the final rounds of a Hemingway parody contest. (He certainly would not beat E. B. White: "They entered the restaurant. The wind was still west, ruffling the edges of the cookies.") Given the reports over the years of a 1,500-page turkey sitting in the Scribner vaults, one would expect *The Garden of Eden*, no matter how well edited, to be at least as bad as the bad parts of *Islands in the Stream*. It is a pleasant surprise that the book is not only an absorbing narrative but contains some of Hemingway's best writing.

But what is going on here? A novelist named David Bourne comes to the south of France on his honeymoon. His bride talks him into getting a unisex haircut to match her own. They exchange genders in bed and experiment with some kind of bizarre androgynous sex whose technical nature is not revealed. She then picks up a girl and tells him that she is going to see what it is like with a woman. She does see ("You just lose something and its gone that's all"), and then pushes him into bed with the girl. There follows a *menage a trois* in the course of which the two women switch roles as David's muse. This is surely the strangest honeymoon in fiction since *The Kreutzer Sonata*.

Reviewers have been baffled by the passivity of David Bourne. Aren't Hemingway men supposed to slap around their women and throw grenades and bring down lions with shots which are clean and true? Yes, they are *supposed* to do all these things, but if you consider the run of Hemingway's male characters, David Bourne is not that far out of line. Things happen to the men in Hemingway novels; they seldom take the initiative. Lieutenant Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*, for example, is a noncombatant who drives an ambulance, barely holds up his end of a conversation, and lets his lover orchestrate their affair ("What the hell, I thought"). Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises* is a gelded stud. And some of the best short stories are devastating studies of the male psyche stripped of everything except fear.

No, what is new about *The Garden of Eden* is not the passivity of its protagonist, but the eerie sensibility which governs the book. We are seeing a side of Hemingway which he seldom allowed to slip into his writing. Hemingway was far more complicated than the hard-drinking braggart depicted in Lillian Ross's famous *New Yorker* profile. ("Jeez, I've beaten Mr. Turgenev, but don't get me in the ring with Mr. Tolstoy.") He possessed as many sensitivities as you might care to find in a modern writer. But he lived by a self-imposed code on the way he was going to present himself in his writing and his life. "Know how complicated it is and then state it simply," the writer David Bourne tells himself, and that is the way Papa operated. He was a kind of aesthete who possessed much strange knowledge, a bookish man who knew all the five-dollar words, and yet he chose to be "Hemingway" and write simple straightforward prose. (Simple, yes—but just try to write a paragraph of the stuff.) A good biography has yet to be written. Hemingway placed too many obstacles in the way. He was not only an actor ("Papa" was one of his most carefully wrought fictions), but also a misleading chronicler of his own past. To separate fact from fiction in his memoir, *A Moveable Feast*, for example, requires what he himself referred to as a "built-in, shock-proof shit detector."

The Garden of Eden, which Hemingway started in the forties and never finished, appears to be a revisionist history of at least three of his four marriages. Some events which we know about, such as his first wife Hadley's losing a trunkful of his manuscripts, have been transposed, and others no doubt have been invented, which is the storyteller's prerogative. But it seems that we have yet another American novel motivated by the desire to settle scores with past and present mates. Biographical speculation aside, we have an interesting story of three people who do weird things to one another under the Mediterranean sun. Norman Douglas, who surely knew, neatly summed up the psychological climate of this book in *South Wind*: "Northern minds seem to become fluid here, impressionable, unstable, unbalanced—what you please. There is something in the brightness of this spot which decomposes their old particles. . . . That is what people mean when they say that they 'discover themselves' here. You discover a mechanism, you know, when you take it to pieces."

The message of Hemingway's other

George Sim Johnston is a writer living in New York.

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novels is that the world can be grasped by action, not by contemplation. "I did not care what it was all about," says Jake Barnes. "All I wanted to know was how to live in it." Hemingway characters may be passive, but they manage to submerge themselves in "the destructive element." They go where the action is. But David and Catherine are more like lotus-eaters on a remote shoreline. *The Garden of Eden* opens with them sitting around the Grau du Roi in the off-season. They work on their tans, try new cocktails, and discuss what they are going to eat at the next meal. The atmosphere is languid, melting. David goes fishing at one point, and the outing is curiously emblematic—far from stalking big game fish on the open seas, like some Hemingway characters, he fishes in a canal with a bamboo pole.

Hemingway creates a small Eden in the opening chapters. No other writer can get away with telling us in such detail what his characters eat at every meal. As is the case with all of Hemingway's characters, we would not recognize David and Catherine Bourne if we met them, and yet we enter fully into the atmosphere of their life together—the swims off deserted beaches, the long aperitifs on bright terraces, the playful conversations about nothing in particular. But it isn't long before Catherine starts to make odd demands which her husband cannot figure out. What does woman want? is a question which puzzled Hemingway as much as it did Freud. Still things go fine until a snake enters the garden in the form of a beautiful young woman named Marita. It is an indication of how oddly "post-modern" this book is that Marita reminds one of no other woman in literature so much as Ruth in Pinter's *The Homecoming*. She is not amoral, she is unmoral. She is an innocent who nonetheless manages to be a conduit of other people's worst tendencies.

I am told by someone who has read the original manuscript of *The Garden of Eden* that it is an unpublishable mess. If that is so, the House of Scribner has a young editor of great talent under its roof, because the novel that we have is a rounded and satisfying work. Hemingway never wrote better dialogue, not even in *The Sun Also Rises*. And the descriptive writing is evocative, if occasionally flat. Edmund Wilson wrote of the early Hemingway that he invested his landscapes with "a sinister quality which must be new in literature." In *The Garden of Eden*, we see the late Hemingway investing human relationships with that same quality, the only time he did so in a novel. It is a curious book, and it will make the Hemingway legacy that much more difficult to figure out. □

RAIN OR SHINE: A FAMILY MEMOIR

Cyra McFadden/Alfred A. Knopf/$16.95

Thomas Mallon

One evening late in the 1970s I had occasion to attend a debate on the Equal Rights Amendment in the Municipal Auditorium of Lubbock, Texas. Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly and Ms. Karen DeCrow (former president of NOW) had been abusing one another for quite a while, right through the audience-participation period, when a handsome West Texas cowboy got up and asked if he could put a question "to both of you very provocative ladies." I don't recall the question, but I do remember the brief laughing consensus this thick dollop of sexual charm brought to the audience. Nobody east of longitude 100°W could have gotten away with it, but this cowboy was the genuine article, somebody who could touch—as that fashion designer born in the Bronx puts it—that spirit of the West in all of us.

About ten years ago Cyra McFadden made a name for herself with *The Serial*, a satire of the modern West, or at least that attenuation of it known as Marin County, California. *The Serial* was a funny book about that land of fibrous foods, hot tubs, and massaged consciousnesses, and from it one would never have guessed that its author had her real roots in an older version of the West, that Cyra McFadden was in fact the daughter of Cy Taillon, all-time king of rodeo announcers, and that she had lived most of her life in thrall to a more dangerous version of the cowboy charm mentioned above.

Cy Taillon was a braggart, a liar, a compulsive scrapbook-keeper who believed his press clippings. He was also handsome enough to double for Robert Taylor in the movies, and so revered by cowboys (for helping to transform rodeo from a carnival into a sport) that to this day Cyra McFadden isn't allowed to pay for her drinks in certain bars in the West. He would rarely "forget a cowboy's name, or where he came from, or how he fared in previous rodeos, no matter how chronic a loser the cowboy. So they loved him, even when he borrowed their prize money or their wives." His force of personality was such that Cyra was more than twenty before she realized her father was short.

Cy's first wife and Cyra's mother was Pat Montgomery, a dancer and trick rider. The two parents are pictured in sepia glamour on the cover of *Rain or Shine*. Pat was as vain as Cy and just as capable of bantamweight brawling ("A hundred-pound woman can do substantial damage with teeth, fingernails and a high-heeled shoe"). They competed in drink and infidelity, "two careless people . . . doing their imitation of Scott and Zelda." A couple of "peacocks in a world of mud hens," they were always so impatient to get to the next town that they couldn't sit through a whole movie much less wait for their laundry to be ready—they just got in the car and forgot about it. By Cyra's third birthday she had traveled 150,000 miles with them, enough to merit an A.P. wirephoto of herself with the caption: "She Sees America."

Pat and Cy inevitably split up, Cy to marry Dorothy, who sobered him into a respectable legend, a rodeo equivalent of Bing Crosby or John Wayne. Pat was left to settle in Missoula, Montana with Roy Qualley, Cy's former best pal, a "heel snapper" who'd helped keep Pat and Cy organized on the circuit, all the time waiting to claim Pat the moment she and Cy fell apart. An obsessive

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Thomas Mallon teaches English at Vassar College and is the author of A Book of One's Own.

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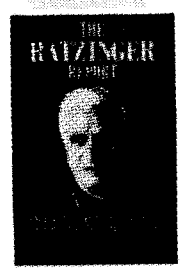

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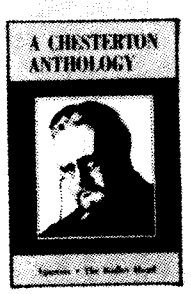

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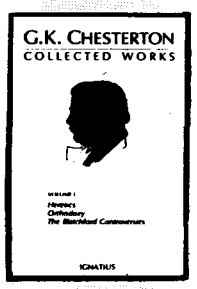

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hoarder (he even saved bacon grease in the basement), he imprisoned his prize until her energies withered. Cyra became a sallow stepdaughter, dreaming of the roguish real father who had receded into myth. Pat's tyrannical sister Ila Mae, a believer in pickles, ammonia, and Jesus, took up the slack of Pat's broken spirit and helped, on her visits to Missoula, with the transformation of Cyra from childhood swan to adolescent duckling. Ila Mae's cautionary letters from Great Falls are among the incidental pleasures of *Rain or Shine*:

> Our town is full of Rape stabbings and dope. Last night 12 year old girl was stabbed six times in her home. He tried to Rape her. Didn't make it, he was just out of prison. Few weeks ago 9 year old girl was Raped all most died they haven't caught the man yet. The police said no woman should be out after dark.
>
> So have good day for I love you all.

McFadden is herself a funny writer. She is clever with similes (forced into houseclothes, ex-glamour-queen Pat "looked self-conscious and uncomfortable, like a dog children have dressed in doll clothes"), and unafraid of puns ("I gloried in gilt by association"). She has a good time chronicling her parents' early wildness:

> Two small people with enormous egos, they loved each other but needed the reassurance to be found in numbers, the proof that marriage hadn't dimmed their separate luster. When Cy parked Pat on the [Taillon family] farm in North Dakota one summer, the better to cut his own wide swath on the circuit, she seduced every able-bodied man for miles. "The only thing you told me not to do," she drawled at Cy when he came back to get her, summoned by his mother, "was smoke in the barn."

But this is not just the story of a couple of hell-raisers or a local-color look at the unregulated days of rodeo. This is a serious book about being a leftover child, an annoying consequence of obsolete passion. While they were still married, Cy and Pat could literally forget about Cyra (driving seventy miles out of Cheyenne before realizing she wasn't in the car), and upon their divorce could enter into a joint-custody agreement for the opposite of today's usual reasons: "In fact, neither wanted custody. Cy wanted to pursue his rodeo career. Pat wanted to pursue the fantasy that she was still a show girl despite her marriage to Roy. They weren't enlightened but self-centered."

Stepchildren are legend-wreckers. Cy didn't like Cyra's reminding him of his old love for Pat, and Dorothy (his new wife) disliked her for the same reason. She even attempted to convince Cyra that she didn't exist: "She reasoned as follows. Cy was Catholic. My mother wasn't. If Cy had married outside the Church, he hadn't really married. If there was no first marriage, there could be no child born of it."

When Cyra could get up the gumption to acknowledge her own actuality, she, like everybody else, could only see herself as an unglamorous family acorn: "In my teens, I met a woman who knew Cy in Great Falls. 'He was the most beautiful man who ever lived,' she said. 'You don't look very much like him.' " Cy and Pat both "invented" themselves—this is an American story for reasons beyond locale—and even when they were forced to retract their early versions, Cyra was left hurting in the gaudy glare of the afterimages, ones the child naturally preferred to her parents' later respectability.

McFadden is still somewhat blinded by them. She thinks of Cy's calling with a peculiar grandiosity ("My father was destined to announce rodeos the way other people are born cellists or water diviners"), and seems aware of her occasional inclination to romanticize her parents, like the truck stops and bars of her earliest memories. But her book has great charm and shrewdness, and she comes poignantly to terms with recollection. For years she was estranged from Cy by pride and politics and mutual cussedness, but his pull on her emotions remained as strong as a cowboy's rope. After one angrily botched attempt at reconciliation, she "walked out of his hotel room [in San Francisco], determined never to see him again. And for years, when the rodeo was in town, I told my second husband that I was going to a movie and drove out to listen to my father's baritone voice rolling out in the darkness of the Cow Palace . . ." McFadden says she cannot explain why "it takes so many years to forgive one's parents their failings and sympathize with their disappointments . . ."

She more or less knows the reason, though. What takes years to discover is the resemblance, but it always will out. She writes: "We look alike, more so as I get older. Like my father, I love the road show, packing a bag, heading off somewhere or nowhere, traveling light, never looking back over my shoulder." Cy Taillon used to win over the crowds with a rich vocabulary that flattered their unlearned ears. His daughter's book about him is pleasurable because it strokes the reader, makes friends, skirts sentimentality, and is generous with metaphor. Aside from all else, linguistic showmanship is one more thing that has brought her to the point we all reach sooner or later—that time when our memories are more likely set off by what's in the mirror than what's on the mantel. □

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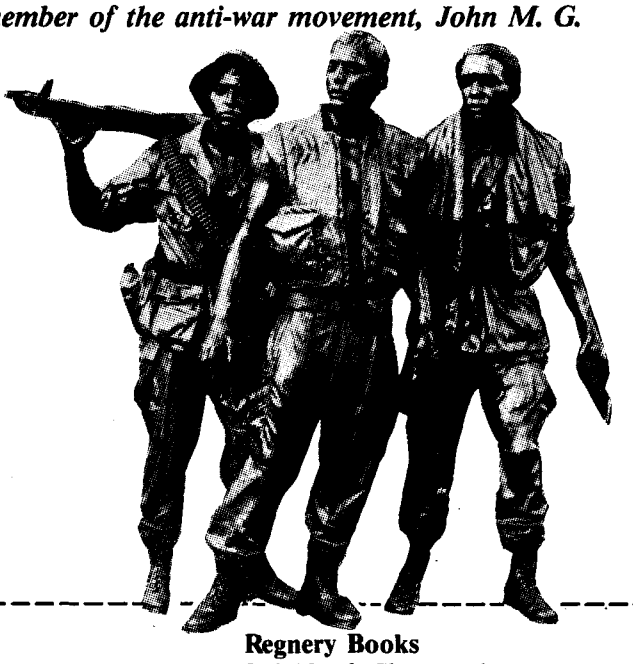

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A PERFECT SPY

John le Carré/Alfred A. Knopf/$18.95

Claudia Rosett

If you're in the market for some bleak and tedious reading, then John le Carré has a book for you.

A Perfect Spy is the story of Magnus Pym, a British secret agent who leads a sad life, betrays everything in reach, and finally sneaks off to ponder his past, leaving his panicky spymasters on both sides of the Iron Curtain to figure out where he's gone. Since the bulk of this 475-page novel is devoted to Pym's pondering, by the end we know the significance of every pressed flower, old snapshot, and cryptic message in his dreary and duplicitous career. The experience is something like spending a week in the warehouse of a down-at-the-heels Citizen Kane.

This is a pity, because le Carré does have the ability to write good books. His George Smiley stories, especially *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* and *Smiley's People*, were excellent, intriguing tales, thanks mainly to the deeds of their patient, aging protagonist. It was absorbing to watch Smiley go it alone against both the British bureaucracy and the Soviet masterspy, Karla.

Some critics have objected to the Smiley books on the grounds that le Carré routinely muddies the crucial distinctions between the Soviet and British political systems his characters serve. But in fiction, bad politics can sometimes mix with fine characters and solid plots. Smiley may not have unfurled the Union Jack on every page, but he was nonetheless a man of integrity. He went on doing his job even after his wife and friends had abandoned and deceived him. Also, he was the best in the business. A great part of the pleasure in reading about Smiley came from watching him deftly outmaneuver his enemies. Against the odds, he found the Soviet mole in the British secret service and later brought down Karla.

But le Carré's newest protagonist, Pym, the "perfect spy," is a disaster on every level. Born the son of a confidence man, reared as an unloved huckster, trained as a resentful secret agent, he is a pathetic, empty creature. Worse, he serves as the author's vehicle for meditating not only on the nature of espionage, but also on the nature of love. And on that subject, le Carré has always offered up ugly visions.

Even in the Smiley books, adultery, contempt, and betrayal formed the core of family life. Fortunately, Smiley had other preoccupations—the cold war, for example. Pym, however, tolerates no such distractions. Instead, he ushers us into a private world in which love and spying are wretchedly intertwined, like a frigid couple on a cold night. When, well into the book, Pym provides the insight that "love is whatever you can still betray," it just isn't tempting to read on and find out what's next on the agenda.

What triggers Pym's elephantine feat of recollection is the death of his father, Rick—a charming swindler who was always too busy hustling the world to love anyone, even his son. The 53-year-old Pym, who has spent his life trying to earn Rick's affection, suddenly feels "free." He attends Rick's funeral in England, but instead of returning to his wife and his undercover work in Vienna he heads for a quaint English town by the seaside. There he hides out in the boarding house of cheery old Miss Dubber, a "dignified little lady" who is the incarnation of all the dull and homey remnants of the decayed British empire. As Miss Dubber feeds her pet canary and drinks her cocoa, Pym sits upstairs and writes a long—very long—confessional letter to his son, Tom.

The story that unfolds, told partly in Pym's own words, partly in the third person, suggests that it is a short leap from huckster to spy, and that both are degrading professions. Raised by his father in a world of confidence games, dirty money, and interchangeable floozies, Pym learns as a child to lie sweetly and often, to live "on several planes at once," in order to survive. The trick is always to say what the person in front of him wants to hear. When Rick is arrested, Pym protects him by lying to the police; later Pym fakes appendicitis—"his first operational cover"—to get Rick back. When one of Rick's lovers kills herself, the ten-year-old Pym engages in his "first clandestine operation," pilfering letters from her room that might incriminate Rick.

As a teenager, Pym wends his way to Switzerland on an aborted errand for his father. There, in the natural cradle of the spy trade, he makes two friends who help him ruin the rest of his life: British intelligence officer Jack Brotherhood, and East European drifter Axel H. Since friendship for Pym is the flip side of betrayal, he diligently informs on Axel at Brotherhood's behest—making up a few details to provide a salable story. Axel is arrested and taken away in the middle of the night, and Pym, having proved his mettle, goes on to inform on left-wing student groups at Oxford.

Years later, when Pym is well on his way to becoming a full-fledged spy under the sponsorship of Jack Brotherhood, Axel reappears, now clearly working for Czech intelligence. Pym, who just can't leave anyone unbetrayed, rolls up his sleeves and starts handing over British secrets to the Czechs. Along the way he acquires a wife who has both worked for and slept with Jack Brotherhood, and a son who will presumably have the joy of slogging through Pym's confessions someday.

And, in case there's not already enough deceit among friends, le Carré introduces some handy double-dealing between the Americans and the British. While Pym is doing a stint in the U.S. under diplomatic cover, his name pops up on a CIA computer list of suspect spooks. CIA agent Grant Lederer is dispatched to Vienna to become Pym's close buddy and observer. But the incredulous Brits simply won't believe Pym is a traitor until he fails to return to Vienna. Then Brotherhood starts lying to the Americans so they won't know Pym has disappeared. Meanwhile the Czechs are also furiously

Claudia Rosett is book review editor of the Wall Street Journal.

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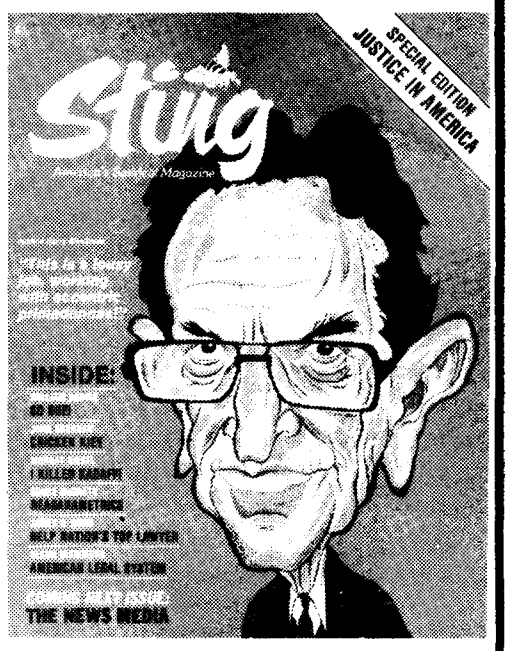

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looking for our holed-up hero. And it's just a matter of time until frantic agents converge on little Miss Dubber's doorstep.

The problems with this book exist, like Pym, on many levels. The plot unrolls as predictably as an old carpet, raising a cloud of dusty detail in its path. Most of the action takes place in memory alone; the rest doesn't matter much because all the characters are obviously doomed from the start. And by creating a central character who has no standards at all, who will betray everybody in order to be loved by everybody, le Carré ultimately devalues Pym's deceit.

The equation between hucksterism and espionage also breaks down. Spies may employ the tricks of the confidence man, but then, both writers and forgers use ink. That doesn't mean they're in the same business. For Pym, unlike Smiley, there is no duty that must be done. He is a confidence man for whom spying is just another con, a way to scam a little love before hightailing it out of town. In fact, as the book opens Pym already accepts that his espionage medicine show is over. He doesn't really care how the British, Americans, and Czechs go about cleaning up his mess.

What remains is the portrait of a ruined man. This is sad not least because the character of Pym's father, Rick, is modeled somewhat on le Carré's own father, while le Carré himself once worked for British Intelligence. But though the implied parallels between Pym and the author may be poignant, they don't redeem this book. *A Perfect Spy* is currently a best-seller, no doubt on the strength of George Smiley's worthy reputation. But if le Carré writes more books on the order of *A Perfect Spy* his readers would do well to defect. □

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CHURCHES ON THE WRONG ROAD
Edited by Stanley Atkins and Theodore McConnell
Regnery Gateway/$7.95 paper

T. John Jamieson

Roman Catholicism used to be the religion of dramatic conversions, like John Henry Newman's. To the young Protestant looking for a living, authoritative tradition and a piety rooted in dignified liturgy, Rome was the place to go. But Rome no longer stands, in many minds, for the Universal Faith; according to James Schall S.J., it's now widely perceived as standing for universal leftism. He hears that young fundamentalists and evangelicals, yearning for a reasoned faith and formal worship, are turning to Anglicanism, with C. S. Lewis and the Book of Common Prayer as their guides.

To Anglicanism maybe, but not to official modern Episcopalianism. The Episcopal Church elected a new primate last year, one who could be described as a classical McGovernite. The editors of *Churches on the Wrong Road* are High Church Episcopalians, sick of their communion's political manias; their book makes a clear, well-moderated attack on the political perversion of Christianity in all denominations.

A symposium with such standard conservative authors as Schall, Kirk, Niemeyer, Tonsor, and John Howard, and several less well-known Anglican authors, *Churches on the Wrong Road* makes a timeless, largely apolitical condemnation of political religion—that is, without referring specifically to topical heresies such as Sandinista worship, or typical partisans such as Bishop Gumbleton. Instead, it attacks the generic heresy of millennialism, well represented by William Blake's famous gnostic hymn:

I will not cease from Mental Fight
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Churches answers, like that old parody of the liberal Protestant hymn, "Stand Up, O Men of God":

Sit down, O men of God:
His Kingdom He will bring
Exactly when it pleases Him—
You cannot do a thing.

One of the two most remarkable essays is Father Schall's, which frankly asserts that radical leftism in the Church, and the blatant contempt of dogma that goes with it, are no longer mere aberrations. Radical leftism is not *just* a strain of humanitarian sympathy anymore; the rejection of supernatural doctrines such as the Resurrection is not *just* amateurish skepticism among self-indulgent biblical scholars. Radicalism and anti-supernaturalism are now one enterprise. Many clerics and theologians hide their atheism in a linguistic blind taken from German Idealism (Hegel), but the fact remains that they do not believe in a transcendent, real, personal God. That leaves only the socialist utopia to believe in, and they are rewriting Christian dogma, to read as revolutionary allegory. "The whole corpus of Catholic doctrine is being refashioned"—and one sees the new doctrine, again and again, "at the very heart of the Church." "Orthodoxy is on the defensive throughout the Church."

Anyone who has looked at "liberation theology" knows it to be a theology without God about a liberation without freedom. Yet Schall doesn't single out "liberation theology," because the radical anti-orthodox enterprise is much bigger than the Brazilian school of Friar Boff. John Paul II is a voice crying in the wilderness: hierarchy and clergy in Europe and the Americas generally tolerate the anti-religious left and fail to assert sound doctrine strikingly or effectively. The irony is that "basic Christian theses never seemed more intellectually valid. The trouble with the Church seems to be that there is no one about who can think about them." In fact, radical theologians desire the *suppression* of orthodox supernaturalism, because it distracts people from revolutionary "praxis." And, as Stephen Tonsor notes of the obsession with "praxis,"

It is odd indeed that 475 years after the Reformation and the condemnation by both Luther and the council of Trent of a religion of works, that a religion of works

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should reappear so strongly in Western Christianity. Moreover, the works in this new Pelagianism are not even the constructive works of culture, of charity and religion, but the works of violence, hatred, class warfare and Promethean pride.

The other truly remarkable essay here is Gerhart Niemeyer's, which sums up the whole history and theory of Christian politics with Chestertonian speed and Voegelinian accuracy. Starting with the medieval contest between Pope and Emperor, he notes that both sides essentially agreed on the ends of Christian government: "During all those centuries of struggle . . . neither the nature of the order of human existence, nor the necessity of authority and power, nor the principles of justice were disputed." Both civil and ecclesiastical powers agreed to seek the best possible solution to inherently flawed conditions. What modern radicals rebel against is that very inherence—reality itself. Social distinctions of class, race, and sex have often given rise to social evils; but radicals dream of eradicating "difference." They do not work to reform individual men and women, as Christ did; they dream of reforming the cosmos—a cosmos within which the only abiding intelligence arises from the human mind.

According to this volume's conservative contributors, the Church performs the useful social function of maintaining contact with the transcendent realm of truth, particularly that of true justice. By giving itself over to revolutionary politics the Church transforms itself from a social resource to a mere ideological cadre among other cadres and leaves the soul and human society naked to their spiritual enemies.

Except for Niemeyer, however, the Anglican contributors are disinclined towards any comprehensive diagnosis of leftist alienation as a spiritual disease. They only lament the fact that political dogmas divide and distract us from being good Churchmen together. They exhibit a kind of bouncy optimism about a Church of political latitude—although this has less to do with the Anglican faith and more to do with the Anglo-Saxon temperament, its love of consensus, and its distrust of metaphysics. Nevertheless, while this book provides little evidence of one, there is a coherent Anglican orthodoxy—emerging from Hooker and the Caroline divines, and continuing through the Oxford Movement—by which to distinguish between healthy varieties of Christian politics, and the morbid and patently heretical ones.

Most of the essays are highly commendable. In one of them, Russell Kirk pungently describes the 1976 Catholic activist congress, "A Call to Action," which shall ever stand for all self-convened assemblies of sanctimonious churchmice, world without end. Like the Estates General of revolutionary France, such jamborees attempt to legislate the world's ills out of existence through pious resolutions. (I shall never forget the pious resolution brought before the Episcopal Church's 1985 General Convention, to better the wretched lot of left-handed persons in this world, by abolishing all liturgical references to the right hand of God. In a rare display of mature judgment, the bishops and deputies shoved this folly aside.)

Churches on the Wrong Road will not matter greatly to committed radicals; nor to conservatives who are well read in the growing conservative literature on the modern Church, promoted by journals such as *This World* and the *Religion and Society Report*. But such conservatives ought to circulate this book on their own, especially among their pastors and Church councils. It would also serve extremely well in college and seminary courses on religion and social issues. It is a "conservative" work, not in any partisan sense, but rather in the more broadly benign sense of a normative attitude—conceding (1) that reality imposes certain limits on politics, and (2) that sanity imposes limits on political passion. This book could explain to the majority of sane, orthodox Christians why they should repudiate the ideological pirates in their Churches, and how they would succeed if they stood up together. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

liberal mugged by reality." While I think most can agree that Niebuhr's *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932) is a benchmark in the emergence of Niebuhr's Christian realism, and that for the period after his crippling stroke and toward the end of his life we must exercise caution, Lefever's presentation of the vintage Niebuhr studiedly ignores Niebuhr's continuing affinity with the left in American politics and radically contracts the issues that would-be Niebuhrians have to grapple with today. To put it sharply, Lefever's review is fair neither to Niebuhr's life nor to the current questions of American politics.

As a matter of historical record it will not do to suggest that Niebuhr abandoned socialism after the twenties, or to minimize the vintage Niebuhr's leftist orientation in terms of "lingering socialist postulates" or "not fully examined assumptions" from Niebuhr's Marxist past. Niebuhr's *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932)

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and *Reflections on the End of an Era* (1934) (by far Niebuhr's most uncritically Marxian book) criticized liberalism from the left, not the right, and scandalized many of his associates by acceptance of the Marxian vision of class struggle. Niebuhr did not resign from Norman Thomas's Socialist party until the spring of 1940, and only then because of its pacifist stance toward the struggle in Europe. His own organization, the Fellowship of Socialist Christians, sponsor of *Christianity and Society*, did not change its name until 1948, again to avoid pacifist overtones. And at that time Niebuhr wrote an article specifically defending the continuing relevance of Marx for criticizing capitalist society and individualistic Christianity. Although Niebuhr ultimately rejected doctrinaire socialism in favor of a pragmatically balanced, mixed economic system, he continued to champion democratic socialism abroad at least through the early fifties. Nothing evoked his prophetic wrath like conservatives who conflated Communism and socialism, or those who believed they could export American economic philosophy to developing countries abroad.

In a similar vein, Lefever is one-sided in speaking of Niebuhr's "running criticism of the mainline Protestant churches for their perfectionism and neutralism." This was true enough, especially before America became fully committed to the Allied cause in World War II. But both before and after the war Niebuhr's favorite target was the Protestant laity's Republican "armor of social complacency." His choicest invective was directed against the union of Christian businessmen and the National Association of Manufacturers. He complained bitterly about the way such Protestants identified Christianity and laissez-faire economics, and about the tendency of such individualistic Christianity toward hysterical anti-Communism. How one longs to hear what the sharp-tongued Niebuhr would say today about Michael Novak and his chair at the American Enterprise Institute. Evidence of these points could be made abundant, but convenient examples may be found in Niebuhr's editorials in the January 1952 issue of *Christianity and Society*—a time near the heart of Lefever's essential Niebuhr, and in the midst of Niebuhr's much vaunted "turn to the right."

Lefever is right of course that Niebuhr was never in doubt on the moral superiority of freedom as compared to tyranny. But as one may have gathered, Niebuhr was quite careful to avoid identifying freedom with "the American way of life" and careful to balance the value of freedom with justice. His *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness* (1944), for example, announces in the first chapter that its explicit purpose is to defend a concept of democracy suitable for rebuilding Europe after the war, separate from the "bourgeois ideology" of America. As a realist Niebuhr knew that justice required political power to counterbalance economic power, and he expressed continuing sympathy for the socialization of wealth as one among several ways of keeping economic power socially responsible. Neoconservatives today would surely choke if they read that book's chapter on property, in which Niebuhr concludes that in America, the "primary requirement for justice is that the dominant dogma" of laissez-faire capitalism "be discredited."

The ideological problem behind Lefever's review—like so much of contemporary political discourse in America—is that he sees no alternative between naive pacifist liberalism and realist conservatism, no alternative between sentimentality about Communism and an unqualified endorsement of American military might. If we follow the former confusion all hope for social change is in danger of being dismissed as utopian. This is the sort of conservatism Niebuhr found anathema to the prophetic tradition of the Old Testament—the fountainhead of his Christian realism. If we follow the latter confusion all criticism of American adventurism is dismissed as naive or disloyal. Lefever forgets that Niebuhr opposed aid to Chiang and argued for early recognition of Red China (and later opposed the war in Vietnam, which still perplexes Lefever), precisely because he saw limits to American power, wisdom, and virtue. These limits were the central theme of Niebuhr's *The Irony of American History* (1952), also a classic statement of his liberal anti-Communism. Hans Morgenthau, the other "father of realism," took similar stands for the same realist reasons.

Niebuhr's thought did undergo considerable change during his life. It is not as easy to identify the "essential" Niebuhr as Brown's anthology suggests and Lefever avers. Leftists tend to cite the radical Niebuhr of the thirties. Neoconservatives are especially enamored of the "mature" Niebuhr, the vigorous anti-Communist of the postwar years. On this matter, at least, the left has history on its side—the radical Niebuhr was truly a radical. But the mature Niebuhr is better described as a pragmatic liberal—realistic about power and the ruthlessness of nations, ready to make compromises, but still committed to an egalitarian conception of justice and critical of capitalist ideology as well as Communism. This liberalism may be too tepid or pessimistic about social change for the current left, as represented by Brown, and too deluded by "lingering socialist postulates" for conservatives, like Lefever, but the historical evidence for this as the locus of Niebuhr's postwar political loyalties is unassailable. Fox's biography, the most recent and in many ways the best account since Niebuhr's death, makes this plain.

Reinhold Niebuhr was fond of saying that Communism was a false answer to America's own unsolved problem of economic justice. The vital, fascinating question, raised by the current revival of interest in Niebuhr, is why this liberal, morally vigorous realism is so scarce today. Unfortunately, within Lefever's review, the question does not exist.

—Russell Sizemore
Brighton, Massachusetts

Ernest W. Lefever replies:
Space does not permit an adequate response to Russell Sizemore's thoughtful critique of my review article on Reinhold Niebuhr. Both he and I wrote Ph.D. dissertations on Niebuhr; his at Harvard focuses on Niebuhr's later years and mine at Yale focuses on the 1925-1955 period.

The discerning reader will recognize that we are both looking at the same man, though through different but overlapping lenses. Sizemore accuses me of selectivity and one-sidedness. I plead guilty to the former but not to the latter. He, too, is rightfully selective, but I fear a bit one-sided, or—perhaps more seriously—he fails to see the "essential Niebuhr" because of his captivity to ideology. Niebuhr repeatedly warned against ideology and insisted on "the triumph of experience over dogma."

Perhaps my attraction to Niebuhr arose from his capacity to adjust or discard his "dogma" in the face of the tragic realities of Hitler and Stalin and, yes, the injustice and inhumanity in the authoritarian and democratic states as well.

On May 27, 1949, when I finished reading Niebuhr's *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics* (1935) in a special one-student reading course under his brother, H. Richard Niebuhr, and after spending two years in war-ravaged Germany, I wrote in the book: "Why didn't someone give me this book ten years ago and save me from the ineffective action, irrelevant speech, and beclouded thinking in which I indulged?"

Sizemore says I ignore "Niebuhr's continuing affinity with the left in American politics," but Sizemore ignores Niebuhr's increasing distrust of code words like *left* and *right* and his growing affirmation of seminal concepts that have moved men and nations, concepts rooted in the Old Testa-

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ment, Saint Paul, the great philosophers and theologians—freedom, order, justice, human dignity.

Niebuhr's fundamental contribution was a powerful restatement of biblical realism that rejected cynicism on one hand and utopianism on the other. Both the cynic and the utopian are irresponsible because they remove themselves from the battle. He affirmed the moral ambiguity of man, recognizing his "original sin" and "original righteousness." He asserted that world politics was a large-scale manifestation of this internal struggle within the human breast. He insisted, however, that the ultimate meaning lay beyond history.

This is the "essential Niebuhr" that I saw, felt, and portrayed. His wisdom gave meaning to my own spiritual and political pilgrimage. His singular contribution lay in pointing to the "relevance of the impossible ideal" in political, economic, and international life.

This may seem quite abstract to the citizen and politician caught up in the hurly-burly of everyday life, but to Niebuhr these biblical beliefs impelled him to work for proximate freedom, order, and justice in a sinful world.

Sizemore asserts that the early Niebuhr accepted "the Marxist vision of class struggle." Perhaps, but he never advocated revolutionary violence. Niebuhr freely acknowledged that he thoughtlessly repeated certain socialist slogans long after they had lost any meaning they might have had. True, he noted the imperfection in the American economy, but he did not call for the nationalization of agriculture or industry. The American system did not achieve perfect justice. Even Irving Kristol gives only two cheers for capitalism.

Of course Niebuhr criticized those who advocated exporting the U.S. economic or political system to the Third World. He was not a fool. Rigid transplants to alien cultures never work unless they are sustained by force. Witness Cuba. At the same time, he realized that American pragmatism, know-how, and enterprise could be adapted to certain countries that were sufficiently developed.

Niebuhr did not pretend to expertise on the "economic question," and should not be taken seriously in this area. Though he recognized the inevitable interrelationship of economics and politics, he asserted that Marxism, Soviet style, led to tyranny in both spheres. His writing on economic issues was superficial and unsophisticated. He gave little thought to questions of the market system vs. controlled, regulated, or administered economies. There is no evidence that he ever consulted serious economic writing of any kind.

He did occasionally refer to Adam Smith, hardly a practitioner of the dismal science, but rather a moral philosopher. In *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932), which Sizemore says was written during Niebuhr's Marxist phase, there are three references to Smith, one neutral and two favorable, e.g., "Even when economic self-seeking is approved, as in the political morality of Adam Smith, the criterion of judgment is the good of the whole."

Sizemore's attribution of views to me that I do not hold reflects either ignorance or his own bondage to slogans. I strongly endorse the thrust of Niebuhr's *The Irony of American History* (1952) that emphasizes the severe "limits to American power, wisdom and virtue," but recognize, as does he, that other governments may be, and many indeed are, less powerful, less wise, and less virtuous. It is the art of both politics and ethics to distinguish between the lesser of two evils or the greater of two goods and act accordingly in personal and corporate life. Were Niebuhr with us today, he would know which side the U.S. should support in Nicaragua.

I am accused of seeing no alternative between "sentimentality about Communism and an unqualified endorsement of American military might." This is ridiculous. U.S. military power should be used only when the case is just, when the means are just and proportionate, and when the chances for justice and freedom would probably be enhanced if the contemplated use of U.S. power were successful.

Fundamentally, Niebuhr warned against "absolutizing the relative," overclaiming virtue for one's government, and every form of secular and religious utopianism. He was, as I am, against idolatry of any sort. All human works stand under the judgment of God; we are all sinners, but in the world of politics, it does make a difference which side prevails.

On this vital difference Niebuhr was compelling. An Axis victory in World War II would have been a disaster. Military resistance in Korea led to a stalemate that preserved the independence and chance for freedom and justice in half of that beleaguered peninsula. Our political-military defeat in Vietnam has been disastrous because Communist tyranny has filled the vacuum left by the failure of American power.

Niebuhr knew that using too little military power in a just cause can be even more dangerous and more irresponsible than using too much. (See Luke 14:31-32.) Too little would surrender the field to the adversary. Too much would give justice and freedom a fighting chance. □

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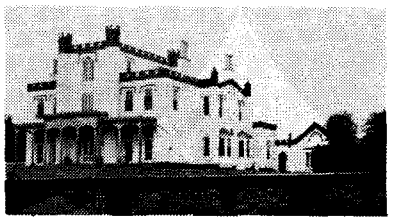

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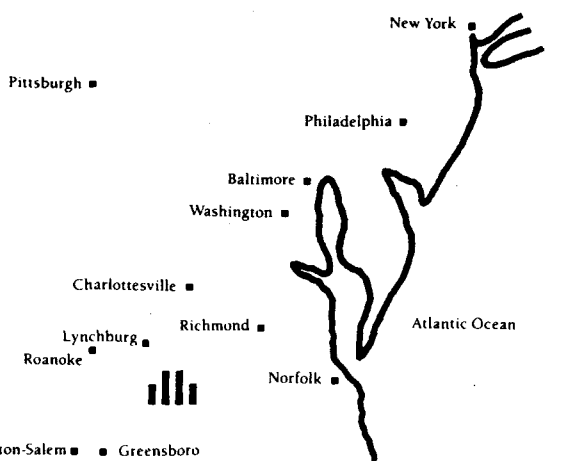

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CURRENT WISDOM

Great Books Series

Mrs. Alicia Suskin Ostriker takes time out from her career as a check-out girl at the Lavonia, New Jersey Safeway to pen a book about her girlfriends' pretty verse:

During the last two decades, American women poets have been writing about their bodies with decreasing embarrassment and increasing enthusiasm. They write about the sensations of making love. They write about eating and sitting on the toilet. They write about their faces and hands, their arms, their breasts, their wombs, their menstrual periods. Necks and throats, knees and teeth. They write about giving birth, giving suck, growing old.

[from Stealing the Language: The Emergence of Women's Poetry in America, *by Alicia Suskin Ostriker, Beacon Press, 1986.]*

Philadelphia Daily News

With the winds blowing through his ears Edward John Hudak explicates the mysteries of ideology:

[Senator John] East found comfort in the conservative philosophy, because it provided easy and simplified answers to complex and difficult problems. His standing in the right-wing community provided him with a sense of security which his physical disability threatened each day to take away from him.

So one might ask why this strong and intelligent polition [sic] decided to check-out. The reason is no mystery for me. Men like John East do not want to lose control of their lives after struggling long and hard to adjust to a physical disability. He perhaps believed that his thyroid condition would plummet him from the summit of power and prestige to the depths of helplessness. His rigid conservative beliefs did not allow him to integrate a sense of flexibility into his consciousness.

[July 8, 1986]

New Criterion

The inscrutable Leon Wieseltier trips headlong into the immensities:

In New York there is simply too much to have positions about. And positions, in New York, are required. And I have watched too many brilliant people squander their minds on position-taking. (I mean position-taking about culture; in politics, position-taking is a more legitimate and primary activity.) What New York most threatens me with, in the end, is what I can only call a crippling feeling of contemporaneity. Serious work has always been done precisely in the opposite feeling, by writers and artists who felt out of their time and out of their place, and it is not Romantic sentimentality to say so. (I have no alienation envy; I am alienated quite enough.) If I do serious work, it will be slowly, softly, according to my intention only, for the pleasure of those with the same intention and for a glimpse at things that do not pass, and alone. Those are not the traits of a New Yorker.

[Summer 1986]

New York Post

Even in the hallowed precincts of rock 'n' roll, Reaganism stirs and rears its ugly head:

Amnesty International's benefit concert may have been "another proud day for rock 'n' roll" (Brian Chin, June 16), but it was a considerably less lofty occasion for rock 'n' roll fans.

Let me tell you what I, a member of the unwashed audience, witnessed at Giants Stadium. . . .

As the purpose of the concert was to publicize and raise money for the work of Amnesty International, most of the performers made speeches about the importance of freeing political prisoners.

During one such speech, a brute drinking a Budweiser big boy screamed out, "Shut up and play!" Another teen yelled, "Shut the f--- up!"

At one point, as a large screen monitor showed scenes of blacks being beaten in South Africa, a boy on my right looked over and exclaimed, "Go get 'em."

His crew got a good laugh out of that. . . .

Yoko Ono was soundly booed for her rendition of "Imagine."

Whether one believes she deserves such a response or not, it isn't exactly good form to come down so hard on John Lennon's widow.

Joni Mitchell, who heroically tried to play a nice, if mellow, set, wasn't afforded any applause. During a final song, a bright fellow in back of me said, "Kill the bitch."

And two young men in front who weren't yet born when Peter, Paul and Mary wrote "Puff, the Magic Dragon" had a grand time referring to Mary Travers as "an old sow."

Sure. I could have been in a bad section. Maybe these kids weren't representative of most of the others.

I gotta tell you though, that my view was a lot better than the one Brian Chin had from his press box.

—Martin Nisenholtz
Manhattan

[June 23, 1986]

Nation

Ramsey Clark, ideological *frotteur*, makes that one bold proposal that is the hallmark of the left-wing rigorist:

Reagan's raid, called a surgical strike, killed at least twice as many Libyans in one night as all Americans killed by terrorists worldwide in 1985. The President seems to be proud of what he ordered and of the "heroes" who carried it out. His one-liners are vintage Hollywood: "We didn't aim to kill anybody." He should tell that to a judge.

Unless it is lawful for the President to use military bombers in an attempt to assassinate a foreign leader and to kill and mutilate scores of human beings sleeping innocently in their homes thousands of miles and many days from any claimed act of provocation, of which they probably were never aware, then Ronald Reagan must be impeached and tried for high crimes and misdemeanors. It will be interesting to see whether the elected representatives of the American people, all of whom will proclaim the virtues of our Constitution during its bicentennial year, will dare to do their duty.

[July 5/12, 1986]

Catholic Review (Baltimore)

Epic events at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue while the godless Reagan snoozed in the Oval Office:

After a time of study and prayer, we paraded 24 blocks to the White House. We prayed, we sang, we gave out leaflets and held signs. Fifteen separated from the rest and sat down on the hot sidewalk. When the police told them they would not be arrested unless they held a sign they had a long discussion about what to do. Here are some of their comments: . . .

Barbara Chutroo, of the Catholic Worker, "Arrest would be a learning experience, but there will be other times." . . .

Jack Seery, SJ, of Boston, "St. Ignatius tells us, in the discernment of spirits, not to act when confused. That is our situation now."

One of the Jesuit Volunteers, "Dan Berrigan told us that getting arrested was like a spiritual enema. It clears your mind and spirit. To continue his analogy, I don't feel constipated. From our experience so far, I feel all cleared out."

Clearly, there was no consensus on whether to hold a sign or not. After an hour and a quarter of a "good session of discernment," the whole group accepted the suggestion of Peter Cicchino, SJ, "Let's just pray, sing and leave. We have done what we planned to do."

[June 25, 1986]

New Woman

Treason:

Well, I, for one, am tired of being nothing more than a cheap intellectual object! I want to be a sex object, at least *some* of the time . . . and so do my fast friends. I'm ready for a man who has not been and never hopes to be Rolfed, Reiched, EST-blessed, or rebirthed. How about a man who does not quiz me on Andre Gide or my stance on Central America; someone who sends me totally tasteless bunches of flowers with obscene cards that make me blush; someone who drops me off *before* he parks the car; in short, someone who thinks I'd look terrific in a string bikini.

[May 1986]

Washington Post

Columnist Courtland Milloy testifies that he, for one, was not fooled by the Fourth of July brainwash:

It is not easy to fight a patriotic tingling, but if you're black in America you get more than your share of help. For example, when I saw the Washington Monument illuminated by fireworks, the last thing that came to mind was George Washington. To me, it looked like a hooded Ku Klux Klansman with blinking red eyes.

This is not paranoia.

[July 6, 1986]

Esquire

From contributing editor Guy Martin, another analytical rubato for the modern dolt:

Martin was a young cadet in a southern military school when he first listened to the music of Ray Charles: "For many of us, Ray and the other bluesmen were a sudden left turn—hip black musicians who we listened to in a futile attempt to be cool ourselves. But at least we were on the right track. . . . R&B is as much a part of American heritage as our Founding Fathers. The ideas in that music are just as strong, and just as American as those you find in the Constitution."

[May 1986]

New Republic

In the lachrymose manner of the neoliberal, whiz kid Dr. Michael Kinsley sings the blues:

The right to pursue happiness is held to be "self-evident." Equally self-evident—as every member of the Supreme Court surely knows from personal experience—is that the pursuit of happiness is not an easy one. It's hard to be happy. That's why if a person, or two people, or three people and a billy goat find a way to be happy that strikes most other people as peculiar, or even revolting, that's hardly reason enough for the government to thwart them. They're only trying to find an answer to the question we're all trying to answer in our own ways.

[July 28, 1986]

Maine Sunday Telegram

A family of New Age patriots takes drastic measures:

When my husband and I moved to Cape Elizabeth from New York, we sought a more pastoral existence, free from the turmoil and squalor of the city and the industry surrounding it. We are now terribly troubled by the proposed nuclear disposal site.

We believe, however, that we are part of the problem and, as a family, we have decided to confront the situation by conserving our own use of energy. We urge all Maine people to do the same.

We purchased an entirely new set of energy-efficient appliances: stove, refrigerator, freezer, microwave oven, VCR, washer and dryer. In addition, we have each agreed—our teen-age daughters included—to limit the use of hair dryers to five minutes per day (with some exceptions for special occasions). We already rely principally on solar and wood heat but we will no longer use our swimming pool other than in the summer months.

—Lottie Dahr
Cape Elizabeth

[March 16, 1986]

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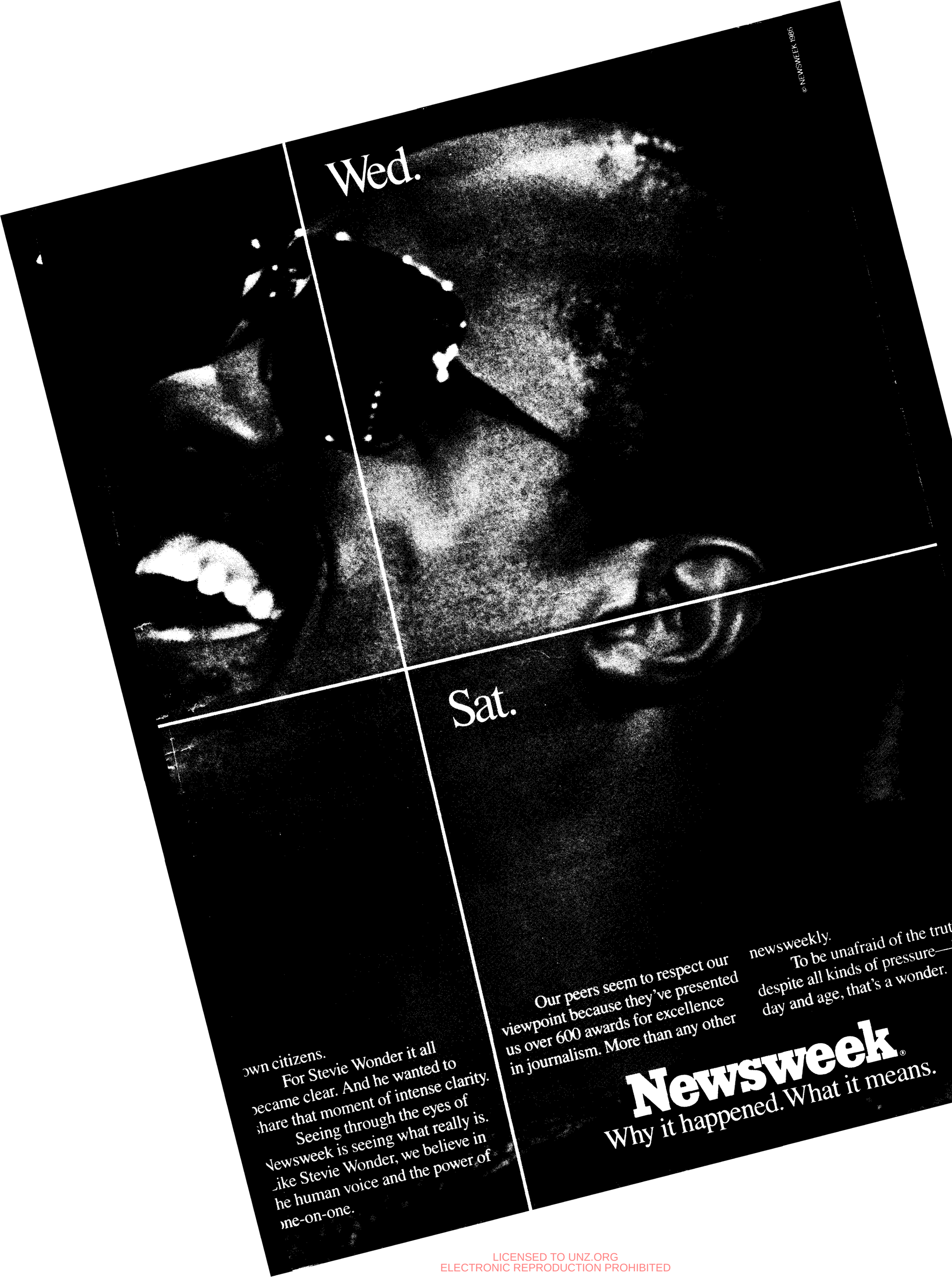
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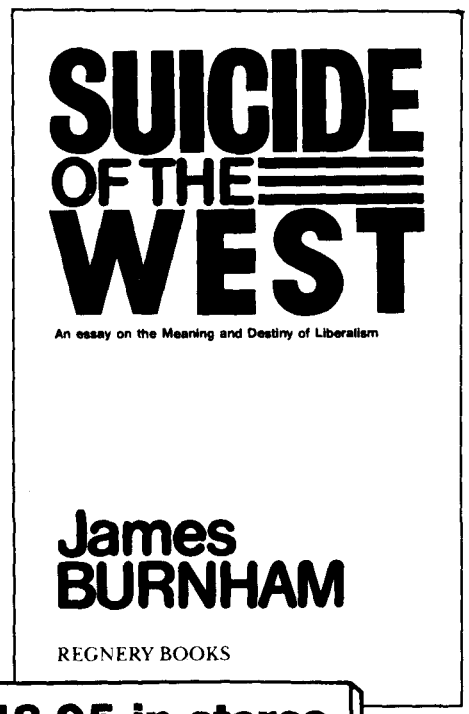

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